



GARRICK'S JESTS, or GENIUS in HIGH GLEE..



GARRICK'S JESTS, or GENIUS in HIGH GLEE..

GARRICK'S JESTS,

OR THE

ENGLISH ROSCIUS,

I N

HIGH GLEE.

CONTAINING

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GARRICK TESTS

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THE GARRICK

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THE GARRICK

L O N D O N

Printed for R. BARNES, 27, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

A
W O R D
FROM THE
E D I T O R.

STAY, Reader! may I beg a single word,
Before you enter on another book?
Pray,—if the question is not too absurd,
Vouchsafe to tell me only—how you look.

I always know a critic by his face,
His forehead's wrinkl'd, and his nose is curl'd;
He never can sit quiet in his place,
But fidgets up and down, for all the world,

As if he'd rode upon a trotting horse,
With a hard saddle, many a weary mile;
And then he mutters out some words of course,
As pish! and pscha!—then grins a ghastly smile.

Raising weak doubts, and stumbling over straws,
At every word and ev'ry letter quibb'ling;
Picking small holes, and tearing little flaws,
Like a malicious mouse who will be nibbling.

If thou art one of these, my Reader dear,
Pr'ythee lay down the book; it is not for ye;
Or, if in spite thou needs wilt persevere,
Stay half a minute whilst I tell a story.

In

" In the warm climate of Virginia dwells,
Unknown to us, a coxcomb of a bird,
His crest with variegated plumage swells,
And *Mock-bird* he is called ; for not a word,

Or note has Nature given him of his own,
But only the pert talent of a fool,
Of better birds to imitate the tone,
Taking them off, by way of ridicule.

A nightingale, who, seated on a spray,
With her sweet pipe regal'd the neighb'ring
 plains,
And heard our critic with his mimic lay,
To doleful ditties turn her love lorn strains ;

With indignation thus address'd the fool:
My song may not be perfect, it is true ;
" But as th' example's better than the rule,
" Pray, Sir, now let us have a song from you."

GARRICK

GARRICK'S

JESTS.

THE Dutchess of Kingston asked Mr. Garrick, one day at Knightsbridge, why love was represented as a child? because, replied Mr. Garrick, he never attains to the age of *wisdom and discretion.*

Mr. Edmund Burke, the Irish orator, was telling Mr. Garrick, one day at Hampton, that all *bitter things* were *hot*; aye, says Mr. Garrick, what do you think Mr. Burke, of *bitter cold weather.*

The late Mr. Chase Price, calling for a bill of fare, at the Bedford coffee-house one day, observed nothing but *poultry* in it, which, with a hearty curse, he returned to the waiter. Mr. Garrick begged Mr. Price not to be so critically severe as it was only a *foul* copy.

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Mr. G—G—the wou'd-be sheriff of London, dining one day at Dolly's with Mr. Garrick, Mr. Chase Price and several other celebrated wits, discoursing on the American war; Mr. Price said, if government had left the French in Possession of Canada and the *back settlements*, the Americans would never have dared to rebel. Mr. G— opposed him very strenuously, and urged some very *hume* arguments in support of his assertions. The debate began to be very warm, when Mr. Garrick put an end to it, by observing, that Mr. G— was a most extraordinary politician, for although to his certain knowledge he was no friend to the *fur trade*, that Mr. G— would still maintain the advantage of *holding* the back settlements.

The late Sir John Hill the celebrated botanist, was very remarkable for being a voluminous writer, and in general dedicated his productions to people that were popular when he was about to be delivered of his offspring; dedicated a small volume, in quarto, to Mr. Garrick, when he was in the zenith of his glory; that he had found out the Philosopher's Stone, and could turn every thing into gold. Mr. Garrick sent him, as a mark of respect, a large empty purse, with his compliments to Sir John, "that as he knew to *make gold*, he had sent him a *purse to hold it*."

Mr. Garrick was once examined as a witness, when the great theatrical cause between Mr.
Col-

Co man and Mr. Harris was depending before the Court of King's Bench; Lord Mansfield asked Garrick how these two friends came to fall out? why, my Lord, replied Mr. Garrick, Mr. Harris called Mr. Colman rogue, just as the clock struck two.

Mr. Chase Price being in the side boxes one evening at Drury-lane theatre, seated behind the well-known Mrs. Le Maitre, whose head was raised to an enormous height; begged to know of Mrs. Le Maitre, how she could view such a monstrous tower, which entirely deprived him of seeing the performance? dear Mr. Price, replied the lady, *you know I love to make the gentlemen stand.*

The late Lord Suffolk, when secretary of state for the southern department, opened his mouth for the first time in French, at the christening of Prince Ernest, 1771, with a compliment to the French ambassador; at which, Lady Strathmore expressed her surprise at the vast progress his Lordship had made in a month's time! when Lady Grosvenor replied, your Ladyship would cease to wonder, if you was acquainted with *his strong natural parts.*

Mr. Wallace was observing that it was hard that Mr. Wilkes should go unrewarded, after having served such a long apprenticeship to patriotism; "true, replied Mr. Garrick *but he is now out of his time.*"

B 2

Lord

4 GARRICK'S JESTS.

Lord Til—y, who was suspected of a detestable crime, was complaining to Garrick what a bad, very bad world this was ! you are right my Lord Til—y ; but you are one of them that see this world in its *hinder parts* only.

Mr. Dias, a well-known Jew bail, and remarkable for the great quantity of lace on his cloaths, was offering himself as bail for a party, in a cause depending before Lord Mansfield ; the attorney for the plaintiff, doubting Mr. Dias as sufficient bail ; Lord Mansfield asked the attorney how he could doubt it, for he was sure that the gentleman would *burn for more*.

The late King George second, being at a masquerade, Lady Coventry was resolved to have a little fun with him ; and entering into conversation, he clapped his hand on her breast, expressing how soft they were ! give me your hand and I'll put it in a softer place ; "*me will thank you,*" answered his Majesty, and immediately gave his hand, which she instantaneously clapped on *his own head*.

A plain downright Berkshire countryman, being a witness in a cause at Guildhall, was asked by Mr. Wallace, the council for the opposite party, " how now, you fellow in the leather doublet, what are you to have for swearing ?" please your worship, quoth the countryman " if you get no more by bawling and lying, than I do

do by swearing, you will soon be in a leather doublet as well as I."

The celebrated Mr. Reynolds, the attorney, and Mr. Smith, another of the same profession, overtaking Mr. Horne's waggon, a little on this side of Brentford, coming to London; asked the waggoner, why the fore horse was so fat, and the rest so lean? the fellow replied, that the fore horse was the lawyer and the other his *lean clients*.

Mr. Garrick hearing Charles Fox tell a grievous story one day, at the Bedford coffee-house, of his being taken deeply in, by an advertising Jew in the city.---How Charles, said he to him, with an arch sneer, "so many years upon the town, and yet suffer yourself to be cozened by one of the vagabond tribe of Israelites; ever while you live Charles, beware of four things; *of a woman before, a mule behind, of a cart sideways, and of a Jew every way.*

An excuse for marrying a daughter when young.---A gentleman was very busy in seeking out a husband for his daughter; a friend bid him not be in such a hurry, for she was, as yet, he thought, too *young* to be married; but, said the father, she has been with *young* already, and I want to get her a *young* husband to take care of her *young* children.

Lady Hume (not less known about the environs of Portman-square, by the appellation of

Queen of H-ll, than by having one of the first finished houses in London) wanting a footman; which Mr. Tickle, a gentleman well known in the gay world, being informed of, went after the place in a frolic. When he was admitted, the first question she asked was, his name, he answered, Tickle; that is a comical name indeed, said my Lady; can you walk cleverly? yes my Lady, I will shew you my *paces*. He then walked across the room, and turning himself round, told her that was his walk. Now you shall see me trot; upon which, he began a trotting up and down the room, that is my trot; and now, continued he, you shall see me gallop; on which, he began galloping up and down the room in such a manner, that he shook down two china pitchers, or jars of great value; at that very moment Mr. Garrick made his appearance, who was struck with surprise to see her ladyship in such agitation, and his friend Tickle, galloping up and down the room amongst the ruins of the pitchers. Both parties having explained matters; Mr. Garrick, withdrew, by saying, that her ladyship was the first he ever heard that had *her pitcher* broke by a *tickle*.

Soon after the accession of King James the 1st to the crown of England, in one of the tours he made round his kingdom, he was entertained by the Earl of Scarborough at his seat of Lumley Castle. A right reverend bishop, a relation of his lordship's, who was there on a visit, thinking no doubt to possess his majesty with a grand idea of
the

the importance of the family of his noble relative, began to acquaint the king with a genealogical detail of every person who had existed in a long continued line of his lordship's progenitors, and attempted to deduce the origin of the family from a period so remote that it exceeded every degree of credibility; the king, whose patience was quite exhausted, stopp'd short the reverend genealogist by saying, *O man! go no further: let me digest this knowledge I have gained: for by my soul, I did not know that Adam's name was Lumley.*

Some French ladies of quality, were talking in the presence of the Queen of France, what a greater idea the French had of the Grand Monarque, than any other nation had of their king. The French, says the Countess Artois, consider their king as of a higher rank than mere mortals and include divinity in their idea of their royal personage. *I believe you are right, says the Queen, smiling, for I know my royal consort better than any of his subjects, and he has never yet appeared to me to be like other men.*

The present King of Denmark, when in England, told the King and the Duke of Gloucester, one day at St. James, that since he had been married, he was grown fat, to which the King replied; *that if he would ride with him, and walk with his brother, and do justice to his sister, he would not grow fat.*

Mr.

B GARRICK'S JESTS.

Mr. Wortley Montague, formerly ambassador at Constantinople, was one day travelling thro' Holland, where the price of every thing is asked before it is bespoke, to prevent imposition; enquired of the master of an inn, where he had stopped and proposed to dine, what would be the price of a fine pheasant then in the house? "One guinea, sir, replied the Hollander." The gentleman immediately ordered it to be dressed, and when it was brought to the table, with a consequential air, desired Mynheer to *cut him off one six penny worth.*

Lord Darby, upon his return from making the grand tour, was one day at the York coffee-house in St. James's-street, recounting the many presents he had made him whilst abroad; especially a rich bridle from the King of France, the ornaments of which were of gold; it "*is so ex-qui-si-te-ly fine*, said his lordship, addressing himself to General Gage, that it is a pity it should be used in the mouth of a filthy horse;" what shall I do with it general? "*put it on your own tongue*," replied Gage."

When Lord Shelburne was going to marry his present Countess who is his second Lady; Lord Fitz-Maurice, his eldest son, asked him whether that proceeding of his was occasioned by discontent, he had incurred of him; far from replied Lord Shelburne; I am so happy in you, that the only motive of my marrying again, *is to have more children like you.*

The

The King riding out one morning on Richmond-hill, being struck with the situation, neatness and elegance of Mr. Blanchard's house; asked whose it was? being told it belonged to a *card maker*. Why, says his Majesty, with some glee, "one would think all that *man's cards* had turned up *trumps*."

It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who had taken the name of *Lynch*. "I see, said Mr. Garrick, that the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *inch* has taken an *L*."

A celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed Lord*, being detected at Southampton secreting a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of a *one pair of stairs room* where they were playing. The *left-handed Lord* meeting Mr. Garrick sometime after, was loudly complaining of the usage, and asked what he should do? "do, says Mr. Garrick; why it is a clear case never play so *high* as long as you live."

Dr. P——n, an eminent physician, who had accustomed himself to expect exorbitant fees; having attended Mr. Garrick some years ago, when he was a little indisposed, received from him two guineas for every visit; was very much surprised, when at length he gave him but one, and affecting to look on the floor, as if in search for something, Mr. Garrick asked him what he had

had lost; "Sir, replied the doctor, *I believe I have dropt a guinea.*" No, doctor, replied Mr. Garrick, it is I that have dropt a guinea." This rebuke rendered him more moderate afterwards.

When Mrs. Macaulay published her pamphlet entitled *Loose Thoughts*; Foot, who was in company with Garrick, said it was a very improper title for a lady; to which Mr. Garrick replied, he was of a different opinion; for the sooner a woman gets rid of her *loose thoughts* the better.

When the late Sir John Hill first launched into the literary world; he, amongst other voluminous works in all sciences, wrote several *farces* which he very strongly recommended to Mr. Garrick for representation; who politely refused them, not judging them to possess merit enough for the stage; which so irritated the doctor, that he sometimes squibbed at him in the newspaper: Garrick bore all very patiently for some time; at last thinking it necessary to hint to the world, the reason why he refused them; he told it to the public in the three following lines:

*For physie and farces,
His equal there scarce is,
For his farces are physie, and his physie a farce is.*

Justice Blackburn, seeing Mr. Hig-nis, a very worthy clergyman, riding between London and

and Hornsey, said to some gentlemen that were with him, do you see what a beautiful horse that proud priest has got? I'll banter him a little. "Doctor, you don't follow the example of your great master, who was humbly content to ride upon an ass." Sir, replied Mr. Hig-ns, "there has been so many *asses* made *justices of the peace* lately, that an honest clergyman can't get one to ride on.

The late Bonnel Thornton, observed the following inscription wrote on one of the windows of an inn at Speenham land in Berkshire, "my Lord Abingdon has the *softest* kissing lips in the world," upon which he took up his pencil and wrote underneath,

*Then as like as two chips.
Are his head and his lips.*

A mistress of a boarding school, at Chelsea, who was very red faced, taxing one of her scholars with some fault, the young lady denied it, but coloured at the accusation. Nay, says the mistress, I am sure it must be true, for you blush. "*Pardon me*, madam, replied the young lady, *it is only the reflection of your face.*

A gentleman in liquor, being taken into custody for riotous behaviour, by the constable of the night, in the ward of Farringdon within; began to expostulate with him, upon which the constable answered, "Sir, I am his Majesty's
repre-

representative, and shall not regard *remonstrances*."

The late Sir Richard Adams, one of the barons of the Exchequer, being on the Oxford circuit, a man was brought before him, charged with stealing a silver punch ladle. In the course of the evidence, the counsel for the crown, dwelt rather sarcastically upon the prisoner's being an attorney. Oh! said Sir Richard to the counsel, in a whisper, "Do not make the case worse than it is; if the fellow had been an attorney, you may depend upon it he would have stolen the *bowl* too."

Lady Bridget Lane, now Lady Bridget Tol-e, was presiding one evening at the table, one of her ruffles caught the fire of a candle; Lord Little-n, who was one of the party, and intended to be witty on the accident; said, "he did not think her ladyship so apt to take fire," "nor am I, my lord, from such a *spark* as you."

A king's friend exulting over Charles Fox, when the news arrived of New York being taken by General How; told him there was an end of the war, "New York was taken." Not so, replied Charles, "it is only like the ministry, *abandoned*."

A young clergyman having the misfortune to bury five wives; being in company with a number

ber of ladies ; was forely rallied by them upon that circumstance. At last one of them, rather impertinently put the question to him ; " how he managed to have such good luck ? " Why, Madam, replied the young clergyman ; "*I knew they could not live without contradiction, therefore I let them take their own way.*"

If you marry, (said Sir James S—n to his daughter) you will do well ; if you do not marry, you will do *better*. If that's the case, replied Miss S—, " get me a husband as soon as you can, I shall be content to do *well*, and leave that to others to do *better*."

Mr. Garrick being at Lord Carlisle's house, over a bottle with him, was commending the claret, as some of the best he ever tasted, upon which that nobleman told him, " he had that hogthead of wine in return for a couple of hounds, which he sometime ago presented to the Duke de Nevernois." Why then, my Lord, says Garrick, " I think your wine not only excellent, but *dog cheap*."

Mrs. G—, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, an actress of some dramatic abilities, came to consult with Ned Shuter, one morning, on an offer of engagement she had received from the manager of the Dublin theatre. Well, says Shuter, " and what then ? " Why, replied Mrs. G—, " I should like to go there, but I am terrified to death at the thoughts of going
C to

to sea, for I never crossed salt water in my life." No, Madam, says Shuter, "*did your never p—standing.*"

Mr. Wilkes one day meeting with Dr. Johnson; the conversation turned upon his dictionary and the English language, when Mr. Johnson, insisted upon it, "that the letter H, was never used in the middle of a word. Mr. Wilkes, with pleasantry replied, that he was astonished a man of *such parts*, as Dr. Johnson possessed, could be so little acquainted with *maidenhead*."

General Armiger's death being very sudden, and on the night of his marriage, one of the Maids of Honour asked Mr. Garrick the cause of it? Why Miss, replied Mr. Garrick, "the general died in *springing a mine*."

Foote, whose talent lay in lampooning and mimicry, even in his early days; had once got the knack of imitating the late general Blakney in the shrug of his shoulders, the lisping of his speech, and some other things, for which the general was remarkable, so that it grew a topic very common among his acquaintance, who used to say, "come Sam, let us have the general's company." Some person at length acquainted Blakney of it, who sent for Foote. "Sir, says the general, I hear you have an excellent talent at mimicking characters, and amongst the rest, I find that I have been the subject of your ridicule." Oh! Lord, Sir, says Foote, with great

arch-

archness, "I take all my acquaintance off at times; and what is more remarkable, I often take myself off." God so, says the other, "give us a specimen." Foote, on this, puts on his hat and gloves, takes hold of his cane, with great deliberation, and making a short bow, left the room; thereby avoiding the general's passion which was very great, and giving a true specimen of his quickness of apprehension.

Mr. Ash, a Hereford gentleman, and Mr. Garrick, were walking in Hyde Park, and being overtaken by a violent storm of rain, and wet to the skin, on getting to the Mount Coffee-house, Mr. A. begged Mr. Garrick to help him off with his coat, (as the waiter was not in the way) you'll excuse me, said Mr. G. "it is contrary to act of parliament you know, to *strip ash*."

Mr. Wilkes, some years since, was at supper at Mr. Alderman Oliver's, in a circle of fashionable people; as he was drinking out of a porter pot, he observed the following letters on it, T. R. D. upon which he remarked, "that there wanted but a letter to make it a very strange expression." Some of the company laughed, and the ladies blushed; when an elderly lady, a relation of the Alderman's, taking up the pot, very gravely replied, *I am sure, if there is any thing nasty in the idea of these letters, 'tis U must give it to them.* This is said to have been the rise of the quarrel between the two Aldermen.

When Mr. Garrick was in France, he happened to be at a rout where Voltaire was one of the guests; Garrick seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies; Voltaire accosted him, Sir, "I know you are a judge, which are the most beautiful, the English, or the French ladies." Upon my word, replied Mr. Garrick, with his usual presence of mind, I am no *connoisseur of paintings*.

Alderman Townsend met one of his farmers near Bruce Castle, with a black horse in a halter; said "honest friend, how can you use your horse so ill, to make him black in the face?" ah! maister Alderman, "had *you* looked as long through a halter as he has, you would have been doubtless *black in the face too*."

The celebrated orator Herries, formerly evening preacher at the Old Jury, but now a staunch church parson, was making water one day in Lancaster Court, very near St. Martin's church; an old woman passing by at the same time. Ah! says she, "I always thought you had a great regard for the Church of England, but now I am convinced of its truth, by your displaying *your hidden parts in the face of the church*."

When Herries was holding forth one evening, at the Meeting-house in the Old Jury and explaining to them the reason of their meeting in a house, rather than preaching in the open field he observed that a house had many conveniences that

that were too many to be enumerated at present; but he could not resist mentioning one or two of them. "First, that a lady was in danger of being turned topsy turvey in getting over stiles and that a gentleman could *case* any lady by *standing*, in a pew; whereas he could speak from his own knowledge, that *field* preaching, many irregularities were often committed, such as giving young girls green gowns, and very often short aprons. He wished

"His fair audience would keep in mind, *That which once lost they ne'er can find*; And that those that run might read, He meant, the loosing of their *maidenhead*."

A young man was brought some time since, as a witness in a cause before Lord Mansfield, in which, Mr. Wallis was council. When the lad had taken the oath, he asked him his name, "Dick Rigby, sir, answers the boy;" "Pray, Dick, how do you live?" "Why I live as you do, Mr. Wallis, by my wits."—"By your wits! I am surprised how you can live upon so scanty a provision!" "and I am surprised, I confess, replies the lad, to see you look so fat."

Mr. Palm-r, of Drury-lane theatre, was accustomed, when young, to stick up the bills for the play-house; some nights ago at the Rose, a gentleman observed, that Mr. Pal-r was possessed of a great number of *jewells*, and generally carried several hundred pounds-worth about him.

Indeed, answers Mr. G——, "I remember the time when *he carried nothing but paste.*"

One of the managers of Covent Garden theatre at fifty years of age, went to Paris to learn French. Foote coming there, the manager asked him, "if he could put him in a way to attain the language, for that he had tried every method in vain to get it into his head." Why, says the wit, "there is but one method left, get the last and best edition of Boyer's Dictionary, pound it well in a mortar, mix it up with some mutton and take it every morning as a glister; if you can't get it into *your head*, get it *into your tail.*"

The Duke of Grafton, who is what is called a wise man, having patronised men of letters, it is said more from pride than principle; sometime since looked in upon a literary gentleman, who lives in the temple, who had just sat down to a brace of woodcocks; what, says his Grace, "*do poets usually sit down to woodcocks?*" why not, says the poet, "*I am sure, nature never intended them for snipes.*" The Duke has rather a longish nose.

A noble lord joined the opposition, when a member of the House of Commons, against lord North, and so violent was he for the destruction of that minister, that having returned one day from the House of Commons, he suddenly exclaimed; "*I have got it! here it is, I have it in my pocket! What have you got?*" enquired his lady. "*I have,*" replied he, "*the head of*"
Lord

Lord North in my pocket." "Then put it on your own shoulders you fool."

Mr. Garrick being some time since at Lord Spencer's house, his lordship, as soon as dinner was over, ordered a bottle of Cape wine to be set on the table, which after magnifying its good qualities, and in particular its age, it was sent round the table in glasses that scarcely held a thimble full. Fine wine, upon my soul, says Mr. Garrick, "tasting and smacking his lips." Is it not curious? says his lordship, "perfectly so indeed, says the other. I do not remember to have seen any thing so little of its age in my life before."

When Wilkinfon, the celebrated comedian, first appeared on the stage; he applied himself principally to mimicry, which he succeeded so well in, as to meet with almost universal applause. Amongst the various characters he took off, was the late Luke Sparks, who felt it so powerfully, that he made a formal complaint to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, who himself smarted under the lash of the mimic, laughed it off; and said, "come, come Luke, you had better take no notice of it, consider if you are mimicked, it is in good company;" very true, sir, says the other gravely, "but I have known many men ruined by keeping good Company."

One Hoops, being apprehended upon suspicion of felony; two very corpulent men came to

to bail him. The justice, being thick of hearing, asked the officer what they said? who answered, marry sir, these *tubs* are come for *hoops*.

The bench of justices having denied licences to every publican who had John Wilkes, Esq; for a sign, a spirited person who as a sufferer on this account, said in his own vindication; "that he was no friend either to John Wilkes or his party, and therefore had him *hung up in effigy*, to shew his real principles; but if he had undeservedly given them any offence, he was ready to pull down John Wilkes, and *hang up the whole bench of justices in his stead*."

The late celebrated David Hume, being asked by an intimate friend "if he was not much surpris'd that General Conway should be appointed Secretary of State?" after a short pause he replied, "Sir, the political interests of Great Britain are best supported by *men of war*."

A little after Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had changed his political sentiments in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the course of replying one day in the House of Commons, to the late Sir Francis Blake Delaval, he threw out some sarcastical reflexions on Sir Francis for appearing on the stage; upon which the other got up, and ac-

Meaning Ships of War.

know-

knowledge it was true ; youth and whim led him once to amuse himself that way : but he could safely lay his hand on his *heart*, and say that he never *acted but one part*.

The reverend and witty Laurence Sterne, received an invitation to dinner wrote on the *ten of hearts*, by a young lady of great beauty, merit and fortune, which he thought a good opportunity to give the lady a distant hint of his hopes, he therefore wrote the following lines on the same card and returned it by her own servant :

" Your compliments, lady, I pray now forbear,

" For old English service is much more sincere ;

" *You've sent me ten hearts, but the sythe's only mine,*

" *So give me one heart, and take back i' other nine."*

A judge upon a trial. asked an old man, an evidence, what age he was ; I am eight and fourscore, my lord," says he ; and " Why not fourscore and eight ?" says the judge. " Because answered he, I was *eight* before I was *fourscore*."

Some time after the late Lord Waldegrave abjured the Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present, the duke wanted to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship whether ministers of state, or the ministers of the gospel had the greatest share in his conversion ?

" Good

"Good God, my lord duke, says Waldegrave, how can you ask me such a question? don't you know that when I quitted the *Roman Catholic religion*, I left off *confession*."

Dr. L. — in Oxfordshire had the poet Stephen Duck for his servant, who was very quick at repartee. As they were one frosty morning riding through a river together, the doctor's horse stumbles, and threw him into the water, and then fell to drinking: at which Stephen laughed very heartily. "Sirrah, do you laugh at me?" "No, sir, says Stephen, I don't laugh at you, but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink *without a toast this cold morning*."

Mr. Garrick having lent five guineas for two or three days, to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surprised to find that he punctually paid him: the same person being, soon after desirous of borrowing a larger sum. No, said the other, you have deceived me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a *second time*.

Shuter being one night very merry at the Bedford coffee-house, the conversation happened to turn on the abilities of Garrick as an actor, when among many compliments to that justly celebrated performer, it was observed as somewhat extraordinary, that tho' he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from being lucky in his parts. Why, yes, replies Shuter, though the
little

little one is a *great* one, he is something like the famous running horse Childers, the best racer in England *himself*, but never could get a colt.

In a Christmas party at Euston, consisting of the Duke of Graf-n, Lord Boling-ke, Mr. Garrick, and a country Squire, whose wife had lately eloped, the latter was one day after dinner extolling for a long time the fine fair for horned cattle he had on his estate; when Garrick, heartily tired of such conversation, proposed cards; "Stop a while, says the duke, I expect Sir Charles Bunbury here presently." "Do you so?" says Garrick, flapping the Squire, who sat next to him, upon the back, "why then, my friend, we shall have a *horn fair* of our own.

When the coterie was first established, one of the general rules were, that two members, male or female, married or unmarried, made a club. One of the elderly ladies, not so very scrupulous in *private*, was however for making an alteration in this rule, by insisting on the number being *three*; "For, says she, suppose a lady and gentleman might happen to meet first, would it not be a very awkward situation?" "Not at all, madam, said his Grace of Queensb-y, who happened to be present, for *you* know, a lady and a gentleman can readily make a *third*."

Count de L-g-n, had long admired Kitty Fisher, and he had made his addresses in vain, not for the want of accomplishments, but of fortune,

tune, for the count was celebrated for his parts. After long sighing, he waited upon her, confessed his passion, and gave her a note of a hundred pounds. She replied with her usual coolness, "You know, Count, I never take less than two; upon which, with much chagrin, he withdrew; but in leaving the room she discovered a utensil with some contents, when taking it in her hand, "Curse you for a poor scoundrel; and since you cannot have the *meat* e'en taste the *liquor*."

Mr. Garrick attending the House of Commons, a gentleman who sat next to him, asked him in the debates, if Colonel Barre did not speak like an angel? Yes, says Mr. Garrick, very much like an angel; for he talks as if the *devil was in him*."

When the club of the *Scavoir Vivre* gave a Regatta at Ranelagh, a temple was erected in the garden, in honour of Neptune, with a number of various colour'd streamers hanging from the roof of it. When Mr. Garrick came in and saw these pendants, "Oh! says he, this explains to me the etymology of the word, I find it is *rag-at-a*."

When Mossop the tragedian died, his circumstances were in a reduced state; and on examining his breeches, a *penny* was all that was found in his pocket. This being told Mr. Garrick, he replied, "Why, Sir, you can't say then that he died *pennyless*."

My

Mr. Digges, the celebrated actor, is very tall, and walking close to the girandole in a drawing room, his hair was near catching the candle, when lady Delawar his relation, observing it, call'd out, "Mr. Digges, you will burn your hair:" to which he replied, "I thank you, madam, your attention has saved *me from being light-headed.*

Jack R-g--t, a milk and water sort of a genius, used to amuse himself in walking round the town to see what houses had hatchments, and whose knockers were tied up, meeting an acquaintance in his morning's excursion, he told him, that poor Mrs. Frazer's and Lady Bridget Tol--he's, who lost their husband's in America, knockers were both tied up. "True, answered his friend, it is an invariable case when a young lady's husband is dead, to have *her knocker tied.*"

Mr. Garrick being at a masquerade, was standing near Miss Hon-d, a lady of easy virtue, who having drank too much wine, fell flat on her back; Garrick, with much politeness went to raise her up; but the lady not shewing much alacrity, or inclination to rise, the wag added, "lie still miss, practice makes perfect."

Mr. Kelly was telling Mr. Garrick, that a passage he found fault with in his tragedy of Clementina, might be justified as a *metaphor*. "It is such a one replied, Garrick, as truly I never *met-a-fore.*

D

When

My

When General Armiger died on the day of his nuptials, the King asked the Dutcheſs of Kingston the cauſe? ſhe replied, "*the night mare, pleaſe your Maſteſty.*"

Mr. Garrick, ſome years ſince, returning from a ride one morning, put his horſe into the ſtable of the Ram-inn, in Smithfield, and ſeeing the oſtler very expert about the horſes, "asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was?" I ſe Yorkſhire, ſaid the fellow, an ha lived ſixteen years here." "I wonder, replied Mr. Garrick, that in ſo long a time, ſuch an active fellow as you ſeem to be, have not come to be maſter of the inn yourſelf." "Ay, anſwerd the Oſtler, *but maſter's Yorkſhire too.*"

When the late Lord Chancellor Northington was alive, he wore the Tyburn bob wigs; and being very luſty, and sweating much, he uſed often to change them. Coming into a houſe one day, when Lady Harrington was a viſiting, he called to the ſervants; "bring me what the ladies don't like; what's that ſays Lady Har—n?" "repeating it ſeveral times." Why, madam, if you muſt know, "*it's a dry bob-wig.*"

Lord Sand—h deſired Capt. F——r to give a poetical deſcription of the late naval review at Portſmouth; whereupon he wrote the following,

"My

" My Lord, you give a fight in sham,
 " A Spithead fight, not worth a dam,
 " And there my Lord's my epigram."

Lord S — h, asked the same sea wag, " if the general cannonading did not put him in mind of hell ? indeed, my lord, says he, *I know the country but by tradition, yet I think it like, and your Lordship much resembles the Devil in the midst of it.*

Mr. Charles F-x, had a room in his house, called the Jerusalem-chamber, where the various Jews he employed used to be put. He one day convened a whole synagogue to communicate to them a state of his affairs which he was desirous of settling, and bad them fix a day, which they out of politeness declined, and lest it to him. " Well then, says he, gentlemen of Judea, *let it be on the day of Judgment.* — No, upon second thoughts, *that will be a day of too much hurry, so let it be postponed to the day following.*"

In the year 1777, after a long report of a victory obtained by Sir William Howe, over the Fabian General Washington, amongst the rest of the dispatches, one was said to have come in the Isis, that was spoke with at sea, but this ship not coming in according to expectation, Mr. Garrick took occasion to observe to Lord George Germaine, that he hoped the news was true, as he had seen the Isis arrive in the Thames. " Aye,

D 2

says

says my Lord ! exulting, when, and where ?”
 “ why my Lord, *near Oxford.*

A person told Mr. Garrick, that he had heard that the Queen was brought to bed of twins ; that is impossible replied Mr. Foote, “ we should have had it in last night’s Gazette. “ The Gazette ! answered Mr. Garrick ; has, ever since the American war, taken notice of *miscarriages only.*”

Mr. Garrick, dining one day at the Mayor’s, at Evesham, in Warwickshire, with the late Sir John Rushout, member for that place. Mr. Mayor, who was a very vain man, was telling Sir John, that his wife from her natural delicacy had caught a cold. “ I am sorry for it,” says Sir John, “ and so am I with all my soul,” said Garrick, “ for I assure you Sir John, Mrs. Mayorefs is a very delicate lady, I caught her at breakfast this morning upon *leeke porrage*, and her *breath stunk* like a pole-cat.”

Mr. Heartfree, the comedian, a man of humour and *high integrity*, was one day relating his travels into Holland, and was particularly describing Dutch cleanliness ; says he, I was invited to a merchant’s house to dinner, and after we had dined, pipes and tobacco were brought, and seeing the room prodigious clean, I was in pain for the want of boxes to spit in, as we had not the convenience of a fire place. At length we had not long smoked before it was necessary
 to

to spit, and the master of the house spit into his neighbour's mouth, which he put about, and the man next the window put the contents into the street.

Mr. Blake, a gentleman of great possessions in the West Indies, upon his return from paying his first visit to that climate, was expressing to Mr. Garrick, his great aversion to the charcoal ladies; "however," says he, "I was made very drunk one night, and an ebony beauty was put to bed to me. When I waked in the morning, I was greatly astonished, and cried with much surprise who is this?" "'Tis I, massa," replied the black beauty; "what did you do then?" says Mr. Garrick." Why answered Mr. Blake, "I lamented the loss of *rosy cheeks*, and went into mourning directly."

The late Lord Granby, was every morning tormented by two Jews, crying old cloaths under his chamber window, and tho', by his orders, his servants had repeatedly warned them not to do so, nevertheless, the reproof had no effect; he therefore desired the next time they came, that they might be brought to him; accordingly the Israelites appeared, when he locked the door and drew his broad sword, swearing he would put one of them to death, if he did not sh—t in the corner of the room. The fellow hesitated to obey his indecent command, when his companion kept soliciting him to sh—t *a little bit* for the sake of the great Gods. At last, the busi-

ness was done, and his lordship then commanded the other to eat it, which he refusing, he in a seeming fury, pretended he wou'd kill him. To save his life, the fellow who had been his cook, kept saying do eat, *Itacus, a little bit,* for the sake of the great Gods.

Mr. Chase Price, going into North Wales, took a place in the Chester fly, in which were many passengers unknown to him, and a lady who wore a mask the whole journey. The coachman, not attentive to the road, overset the carriagewhen the masked lady was turned topsy turvy, and *her latter end* coming directly in Mr. Price's face, he cried out, "God bliss you, my dear Mrs. Arse, I really did not know you before."

Mr. Chase Price, was remarkable likewise for his generosity, was walking one day across Kew Green, with Mr. Wilkes, when a beggar asked him charity; Mr Price gave him a guinea. Mr. Wilkes jeered him for being so lavish; Mr. Price replied, "when I do give any thing I like to make the human heart *leap* for joy."

Lord Lyttleton, was complaining to Mr. Garrick, with a degree of petulance, of the Regatta at Ranelagh, and on such a number of people having got in. Your complaint is very true, says Mr. Garrick; "but does not your lord-

lordship think that there is a greater number taken in?

Capt. F-lk-r, a man admired by the ladies of the *ton*, and whose acquaintance and company was courted by most; was long ogled in vain by Lady Harring-n, at the expence of the quiet of General C—gs, Geo. Selwyn, and Lord Barring—n; one day at a card party, Faulk-r leaned over her ladyship's chair, and betted two guineas on the deal, which he lost to Lady H—n, upon which, she with much amorous courtesy, took up the guineas again, and said, "F—r, take them." No, my lady, says he. "I must beg to be excused, that is not *my price*."

The celebrated Nan Cately, as famous for her humour, as for her voice, arriving in town from Ireland, was sent for by Mr. Garrick to be engaged at his house; but Miss Nan, asking a most enormous sum, Mr. Garrick hesitated a while; and then said, there was a circumstance to be considered in so great a salary, for that she might not be able to play the whole season. "Why so, Sir? says Nan. "Why, madam, replied the manager, as you are just come from Ireland, you may perhaps be with child." Oh! no, replied the nymph; "there is no danger of that, for they do it there *beyond conception*."

Lady Bampf—d was very anxious to have all her running horses entered in her name, in preference

ference to Sir Richard's; being told of the impropriety of it, by lady Arabella M. her friend, she politely replied, "Not at all, why should not I be indulged as well as him, he never enters any *thing for me.*"

Those the least acquainted in the literary world, must have known, or heard that the late Bonnel Thornton was a man of great wit and humour, and like most men, possessed of such talents, fond of sitting up late at night, and consequently lying late in bed in the morning; and on one of those days that he was recovering his last night's debauch, his aunt called on him and finding him in bed so late, read him a long lecture on dissipation, which she concluded by assuring him, "*that such a life would soon shorten his days.*" Very true, madam, replies Bonnel, who listened very attentively to her the whole time; "*but what is just the same thing, it will lengthen my nights.*"

Miss Sherry, playing a part at Drury-lane, a person asked Mr. Garrick, "what he thought of the Sherry? oh! says Mr. Garrick, "*it is prick'd.*"

Mr. T——d coming, booted and spurred into the pit of Drury-lane, when the pantomime of Orpheus and Eurydice was performing, struck Mr. Chafe Price in the legs, and begging pardon, asked Mr. Price, what was the name of the enter-

entertainment? to which Mr. Price replied,
You rid I see.

Lor K —, who had a remarkable *large round red face*, took lodgings next to Foote, and the back window of his room looked into the wit's garden. Foote walking one cold morning in the spring into his melon ground, discovered his lordship at the window; "good morning to your lordship, says Foote," quoth my lord, "its a very chill morning Mr. Foote." Yes, answered Mr. Foote, it is, "*and I wish your lordship would do me the honour to turn your countenance upon my cucumbers.*"

Tom Weston, being one day at dinner with Mr. Foote, complained that he had hurt his constitution by taking the steel medicine. "I'll cure you, says Foote;" *how?* clap a loadstone to your bum."

The late Duke of Newcastle, was a very great idler for a statesman, and being one morning at the King's levee running up and down the room with a face of much importance and enquiry; Lady N —, asked the dowager Lady Tun—d, "what she thought the Duke was looking for?" O Lord, says she, "*for nothing at all, madam, but the two hours he lost in the morning.*"

The late Lord Chesterfield, being at the Duke of Newcastle's levee, when a commentary on the book of Job, which was dedicated to his Grace,
happened

happened to lie in the window ; Lord Chesterfield took up the book, and was reading it just as the duke entered. Well, my lord, says his grace, " I should be glad of your opinion of that book ?" "*the best book that I know, replied Lord Chesterfield, for one that attends your grace's levee.*"

Mr. George Gr—lle, the author of the stamp act, having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction ; had the curiosity to ask his name, being informed it was *Ruffel*. Pray, says Mr. G—, " is your arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's ?" " as to our arms, your honour, says the porter, I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a damned deal of difference between our coats."

The first night that Savigney, who is a cutler by profession, appeared at Covent Garden theatre in Barbarossa, Lady G—r, who sat in the same box with Mr. Chafe Price, being much affected, turned about to Mr. Price ; and observed, " that he was very cutting." Oh ! dear madam, replied Mr. Price, " I am not surprised at that, *he is a dealer in sharp tools.*"

Lord North, who is remarkable for reclining his head on his shoulders ; having lately declared in conversation, that he would rather lay his shoulders on the block, than give up any point to the Americans, Mr. Price, being present, whispered in the ear of his friend, " the thing
seems

seems to be already reversed, for the *block* is on his lordship's shoulders.

Mr. Garrick and several other shining genius's, being disappointed of their supper in point of time one night, at the Bedford Arms, in Covent-garden; the master of the house made an apology by saying, it was owing to a ridiculous quarrel between the cook and the scullion, about who was the greatest traveller: so whimsical a dispute not only pacified the company, but they immediately determined to decide this difference themselves, by ordering up the combatants face to face. When they were introduced, the scullion, who seemed by his appearance, to have had the best of the fray, was first interrogated, "who declared he had travelled both by land and sea, twice to Gravesend and once to Canterbury." The cook, who by many evident marks had been well *soused in the dripping*, was just beginning to tell his story, when Mr. Garrick cried out, "pray gentlemen what need you ask him any questions, do not you see he has been *all over Greece*."

Dr. V—n, being with a party at Hampton, who were to dine with Mr. Garrick; the doctor strolled out before dinner into the church-yard; dinner being ready, and the doctor not returned some of the company were expressing their surprise, where he could be gone to? oh! says Mr. Garrick, "he is but just slept out to pay a visit to some of his *old patients*."

It

It is usual for players of very inconsiderable rank, at both the London theatres, when they get down in the country in the Summer, to exert all their influence to fill those characters for which they think their genius originally designed them. A Mr. Perry, late of Covent-garden theatre, being manager at Canterbury, a few summers ago, attempted to play the part of king Richard the 3^d. when Mrs. Montague, asking a gentleman, who he was? "his name is Perry, said the person." "Ah! says Mrs. Montague, would it were *mum*."

Pope Sextus V. while he was only a cardinal, feigned himself broken with age and infirmities, and stooped when walking very much, looking upon this as one probable means of his exaltation to the chair; it being observed to him soon after his election, that he carried himself much more erect than he had lately done. "I was looking, replied the Pope, *for the keys of St. Peter*, and having found them, I have no longer any occasion to stoop."

It is said that the present monarch of the British empire, once asked Lady Sarah Lennox, now the wife of Sir Charles B—bury, "which was the way to her bed chamber?" Sir, replied the lady, "the only way to my *bed-chamber*, is through the *church*."

Mr. Garrick, and Lord Surry, paying a morning visit together; just as his lordship had

had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the center of an iron arch, before the door, fell and missed his lordship, only by about half an inch. Good God, said Lord Archer, much surprised; I was near being gone. Why yes, says Mr. Garrick, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme* unction before you went.

The late Stephen, Lord Holland, who was the *fattest man of his height in England*, and his brother Charles coming out of the Thatched House Tavern, one night together, a chair was called for Lord Holland; who, altering his mind agreed to go home in his brother's carriage, which was in waiting; the chairmen however, being disappointed of their fare, he gave them a shilling; "long life to your honour, says Paddy, sixpence more for your poor chairmen." What, says he, "have I not given you your full fare?" "O! yes, *your lordship*, but *consider how you frightened us.*"

About three or four years since, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late Crab B—n, Esq; when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B—n, seeing him with his boots on in

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the

the morning, asked what hurry he was in? and pressed him to stay. No, no, says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on." Why sure, says Mr. B——n, "we do not drink so hard." No, says the wit, "but there is so little wood in your house, that I am afraid some of your servants may light the fires some morning with my wooden leg."

Old serjeant Maynard, an eminent lawyer, being presented to William the third, our deliverer; on his accession, the king complimented him on his great age, to which he made this reply; "I have indeed survived great numbers of my brethren, and if your Majesty had not accomplished the Glorious Revolution, I should have out lived the law itself.

King Charles the second, being at hazard one Twelfth-night, at court with the duke of Buckingham & other nobles, when a well-dressed sharper, whose name was Bentley, standing behind the duke's chair took the liberty to pick his pocket of a diamond snuff-box, which was of great value. Just in the instant of his stealing, the king happened to fix his eyes on him, on which the sharper, with great presence of mind, put his finger up to his nose, thereby insinuating it was done out of fun. The king knew the world too well to be gulled, even by such an artifice; but however held his tongue. Some little time after, the duke missing his box, his Majesty told him the circumstance; good Sire, says the duke, "why

"why did not your majesty tell me of it in time? oh! says the king, "I could not do that, I was upon my *honour*."

A great personage meeting Dr. Samuel Johnson in the Queen's library, and being informed who he was, very condescendingly went up to him, and enquired after his health. In the course of some conversation, his majesty asked, "why he had not written more books in the manner of the Rambler?" why Sire, says Johnson, "I do not know, I think, I have written enough;" "why so should I too, doctor, replied the king, *if you had not written so well.*"

When Lord T——d and Lord Bel--nt had a duel in the park; the first mentioned nobleman coming home to his lady, told what had happened, and that he was certainly pricked or wounded very much; and stripping himself, desired her to look about him; but altho' she searched very carefully, she told him that she only saw a *slight* one at the *bottom of his belly*.

George Whitfield, the very famous preacher, was a servitor at the Universty of Oxford; not being very flush of money to have three or four pair of shoes, always had his old ones capp'd at the toes; upon which John West--y and others used to banter him. "Why should not they be capp'd?" said George, I am sure they are *fellows*."

An Irishman meeting another, asked what was become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy? arrah, now, my dear honey, answered the other; "poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

Mr. H. of Portsmouth, a very worthy old gentleman, having employed Mr. P. an attorney who has since had the honour of holding up his hand at the bar of the Old Bailey, to do some business for him in London, was paying him his bill of charges, and when he saw an article in the bill of three shillings and four-pence, for going to the Borough, he was certain none of his business was that way, and asked him the meaning of it? oh! Sir, says he, "that was for fetching the *turkey and chine* from the carriers, that you sent me for a *present* out of the country."

A person was once tried before Lord Mansfield for having two wives, and one Mr. Unnit was to have been the chief evidence against him. After much calling for him, he could not be found; why then said his lordship, all that I say is, Mr. *Unit*, stands for a *cypher*.

A widow having married, for her second husband, a person of the name of Wright, who was a schoolmaster; she having never had any children by her first husband, that she might be *right* at last; some months after, she having some of her friends drinking tea, each of them were

extolling the abilities of their spouses, why says she, "my husband is a good *man enough*, only his multiplying *rule* is seldom in good order."

When the Duke of Dor—t first made his addressees to Lady Dar—y, the Maid of the Oaks; my Lord Duke, said she, "I have a husband that will not thank you for making *him a cuckold*." No, madam, replied he "but *I hope you will*."

Master Johnny, sitting one Summer's evening on the green, with his mother's chamber maid, among other little familiarities, as kissing, pressing her bobbies and the like; took the liberty, unawares, to satisfy himself whereabouts she tied her garters, and by an unlucky slip, went farther than he should have done, at which, "the poor maid blushing, cried, be quiet master John, I'll throw a stone at your *head* else; aye child, said he, I'll sling two at your *tail* if you do."

An Irishman, whom Queen Anne had some respect for, tho' only an inferior steward of the household; one day coming into the Queen's presence; her Majesty asked how his wife did? who had the day before been cut for a fistula on her backside. "I humbly thank your Majesty, replied Teague, she is likely to do well, but the surgeon says, she will not lie on her back these twelve months, or else it will be an *eye-jore* as long as she lives.

Dr. Scot, well known about St. Paul's had a very chargeable stomach, and used to dine at a lady's table, having promised one time or other to help her to a husband. One day he came to dine with her, and begged she would have a marrow pudding, for that he was going to bring her future husband; poh, says the lady, "you are always thinking of cramming your belly."—"But now, madam, replied the Revd. Doctor, I am taking the proper steps to cram yours."

Dr. R—y, of Harley-street, was formerly a surgeon of a man of war. In a great storm at sea, they once thought that they all should have been drowned, they went to prayers, a little arch boy, the son of the captain, falls a laughing very hearty, and being asked the reason, why truly, says he, "I laugh at our surgeon's *fire* nose to think what a *hissing* it will make by and by, when it comes into the water."

Charles F-x, coming one morning from the levee of lord North, with Mr. D—n, who had just recovered from a fit of illness, and in consequence looked very ill; Mr. Fox offered him part of his carriage home. "No, no, answered D—n, I have business at the *pay-office*."—"At the *pay-office*! says Charles, you certainly must mistake, your business should lie at the *victualing-office*."

✱ An empty pragmatistical attorney calling one morning at the chambers of Mr. Erskine, who asked

asked him how he did? "faith I do not know," says the attorney, "I am not much myself this morning." Why then I congratulate you much, says the other, for if you are any body beside yourself, I will be d—nd, if you are not a gainer by the change."

The first time that Dr. Goldsmith was introduced to Lord Shel—e, the conversation in a very mixed company, after supper, turned upon politics, when the Doctor (who was at times absent) very gravely asks across the table, "pray my Lord, what is the reason the snarlers in the news-papers call you *Malagrida*?" indeed, Doctor, answered Lord Shel—e, rather confused, "I do not know." Why really continues the Doctor, it is very surprising, "for *Malagrida*, your Lordship knows was a very honest man."

Queen Caroline having some distant notion of enclosing St. James's Park, entirely for the use of the Royal Family; consulted Lord Chesterfield, about the expences; "Why, madam, I think—it may cost you about *three crowns*."

When Sir Watkin Lewes was knighted by the present King, he happened to stumble as he was rising, and endeavouring to make "some apology.—" It is I that ought to be ashamed, replied his Majesty.

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When Mr. Garrick heard that Dr. Kenrick, was going to give public lectures on the beauties of Shakespeare, in Marybone-gardens. Well, says he, "Let the Dr. take care of the fate of our first parents, a fall in the garden."

General Elliot, being at a country play; the farce happened to be the Stage Coach, which was performed so wretchedly that it was impossible to make head or tail of it: as soon as the curtain closed, one of the players came forward to give out the next play; "the general begged leave to ask the name of the farce just finished." "The Stage Coach," Sir, says the player, bowing very respectfully. O! then, Sir, says the general, "will you be so good as to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an outside passenger."

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin. Foote pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked Mr. Garrick, "what he should do with a light guinea he had?" Pinaw! its worth nothing, says Mr. G—, *fling it to the Devil;*" well David, says Foote, "you are always what I took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

When the late Sir William Stanhope was married to Miss Delaval, there being before no prospect of issue in the family, he waited on
Lord

Lord Chesterfield his brother, one morning, in great spirits, to tell him, that *now* there was the greatest prospect of an heir for the family title and estate. "Why I do not know, brother," says my lord, very drily, but what Stanhope and Co. may turn out a great deal of good work."

A well-beneficed old parson having a large company to dinner; entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings, which at last, he said, he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks on his self-importance; but Quin, the player, being one of the party, and observing the parson as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty yellow hands, he immediately called out; so, so, Doctor, I think you do keep your *glebe* in your own hands with a witness."

Mr. P—be, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, having some words with a Mr. Stone, about Mr. Wilkes; Sir, said Stone, "if you take such liberties of speech, I'll make you repent." "I believe," said Mr. P—be, that there is no act of parliament against thinking." "No." "Why then I do *think*," said Mr. P—be, that both *you and he*, are a couple of d——d rascals.

A certain countryman having lost his ass, applied to the cryer, desiring him to give notice of it at the church door the three following Sundays. No news of the animal; the owner desired

fired the cryer to continue the proclamation as usual. The cryer being an arch fellow, and tired with the countryman's importunity; one holiday, when the ceremonies of public worship were ended, and the people flocked apace out of the church, he made the following proclamation :

“ O yes,—O yes,—O yes.”

“ If there be any man amongst you, who will come forth, and solemnly declare he never was in love, he shall have fat pig.” Upon this an ungain loobily fellow bawled out, “ I can safely take my oath that I am the person who never was in love.” Whereupon the cryer, taking him by the sleeve, presented him to the countryman; saying, “ here friend I have found *your ast*, the pig is mine.”

An old countryman, named Dobson, who was married to a very termagant, went one Sunday to his parish church and heard the parson preach from the following words; “ Take up *your cross* and follow me.” Dobson was more than ordinary attentive to the discourse, and as soon as church was done went directly home, and taking his wife upon his back by force, ran as fast as he was able after the parson; who seeing how the fellow was loaded, and following him, “ asked him what was the reason of his carrying “ his wife in that manner ?” “ Why, what a plague, cries Dobson, has your memory forgot already ?

already? did not your reverence tell us, that we must take up our *cross* and follow you? and I am sure this is the greatest cross I have in the world, so pray Mr. Parson, keep your word, or I'll be damned, if I don't follow you to Hell gates."

Queen Caroline, asked John Duke of Argyle "what sort of people, these Highland chiftians were?" "Please your Majesty, replied the duke, they are just such beings as your *German princesses* are."

Mr. Twiss bragging of his travels, one day upon his return from making the tour of France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Holland, and Ireland, Lady Ligonier, who eloped with a post boy, said, that she had seen as many countries as he, "I beg your pardon, my lady, I had forgot, *that my post boy had a companion.*"

A mastiff dog coming out of the Red Lion at Brentford, open mouthed, at a Highland soldier upon his march; he ran the spear of his halbert into his throat, and killed him. Mr. Wilkes came out of the inn yard, and raved extremely that the dog was killed, and asked the Highland soldier, "why he could not as well have struck him with the but end of his halbert?" "So I would, replied the Highlander, *if he had come to me with his tail between his legs as you do.*"

Charles

Charles Fox dining with Mr. Thrale the brewer one day, and talking of his travels, Mrs. Thrale said, "She had seen more countries than he." "Nay, then, madam, replied Charles, as travellers, we may *lie together by authority*."

Lord Crav-n, lately employed William Ben-t, a plumber, whose bill is as follows:

1777.
March 15, Ld. Crav-n, Dr. to Willm. Ben-t.

	£.	s.	d.
To repairing your Lordship's cock	-	0	5 0
To lengthening ditto	-	0	12 6
To oil and rosin to make it fit the hole	0	3	0
To examining her Ladyship's water closet	0	6	0
To a man's going to the bottom of ditto	0	10	6
To forcing her Ladyship's water pipe	0	4	6
To a large cock in front	0	7	0
To a double ball to ditto	0	4	0
	£.	2	2 6

The above bill being the subject of much conversation at Lady Harr-ton's tea table, Lady Grov-r observed, "if her Lord's affairs had been in as good a trime, *she should never have called in the assistance of his Highness of Cumber-d.*"

Lord

Lord North complained to the Lord Chancellor, the other day, that his place was very troublesome, as the Exchequer was empty; the Chancellor answered, "*be of good cheer my lord, now you see the bottom of your business at first.*"

Counsellor H — advised Mrs. Macaulay (the female historian, and sister to Alderman Saw-e) to marry Doctor Wilson the patriotic joiner, because he had heard that the Doctor had settled a very substantial estate in tail on her; "indeed Counsellor, replied the lady, you are misinformed, for the doctor to my certain knowledge, has had no tail estate to give me, these ten years, or any other moderate woman."

When the late Philip York, Earl of Hardwick, was Lord Chancellor, the authenticity of a will, of one of his deceased friends, was litigated before him. As his lordship expected to be mentioned as a principal legatee in this will, and found his expectations baulked, he took no small pains to destroy its validity by brow-beating the witnesses, and succeeded in this laudable purpose beyond his hopes, every one of them being disconcerted except one, who was a country farmer; this honest yeoman persisted in his evidence; thro' all the subtle windings of cross examination, he steadily asserted that the will was authentic, and that he had put his hand to it as a witness: "Pray, said my lord, in what year, and on what day did you witness this will?" "I cannot be positive as to the particular day, replied

plied the farmer; but this I well remember, that when I came out of the house from doing it, I was told, that *old York, the attorney, your father, had hanged himself.*" This blunt declaration struck his lordship dumb, and the will was acknowledged legal and authentic.

At the close of an election at Lewes, in Sussex, the late duke of Newcastle was so delighted with the conduct of a casting voter, that he fell upon his neck and kissed him. "My dear friend, I love you dearly, you are the greatest man in the world, I long to serve you. What can I do for you?" "May it please your grace, the exciseman of this town is very old, I would beg leave to succeed him as soon as he dies. Aye, that you shall with all my heart; I wish for your sake he were dead and buried now; as soon as he is, set out to me, my dear friend, be it night or day insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-Inn-fields, come to court; not the *sanctum sanctorum* shall be kept from such a worthy dear soul as you are: nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the King and I were talking the greatest secrets in the world. The voter, swallowed every thing with extasy, and retired to wait in faith for the death of the exciseman; in a little time the exciseman died. As soon as ever the voter was informed of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-Inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time been seized by a disorder, which

which some of the English Ministry had been induced to believe from particular expresses that he could not possibly survive it. Amongst these the Duke of Newcastle was the most credulous and anxious. On the very first moment of receiving the intelligence of the King's disorder, he had dispatched an express to Madrid, with orders to return with the greatest speed, as soon as ever the King died. Ignorant of the time that the express from Madrid might arrive, he gave orders to send any person, who desired to see him to his bed-chamber. When the voter arrived, he asked if the Duke was at home? he was answered by the porter, that his Grace had been in bed some time, but we were ordered to conduct you to his bed-chamber. "Ah! God bless him, I know the Duke always told me I should be welcome by night or by day;" when he was conducted to the room door, he rushed in, and in the transport of his joy, cried out, "my Lord, he's dead." "That's well, my dear friend, I'm glad of it with all my soul. When did he die?" "the morning before last, and please your Grace." "What so lately! why my worthy, good creature, lightening could not travel so fast as you. Tell me, you worthy soul, how I shall reward you?" "all I wish for in this world is, that your Grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him." "You, you blockhead, replied the Duke, what family pretensions can you have, let's look at you. By this time the Duke threw back the curtains, and recollected the face

of his electioneering friends, but it was with rage and disappointment. To have robbed him of his rest might have been forgiven; but to have fed him with a groundless supposition that the King of Spain was dead, became a matter of resentment. He was at first dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length the victim of his passion, became the object of his mirth; and when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he raised the candidate for monarchy into the *post of the deceased exciseman*.

Some of the actresses of Drury-lane, having a petition to present to the manager of that house waited at the door for his going in; at last the crowd grew so great, that there was hardly any passing by, which Tom Weston seeing, cried out, "ladies pray fall back, and open to the right and left that the *members* may go in."

Two Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were very much tired with their journey; and the more so, when they were told they had still about ten miles to London, "by my *shoul* and St. Patrick, cries one of them, it is but five miles a-piece, let's e'en walk on."

A Scotch bag-piper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood fide, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone;

gone; at length, he took up his bag pipes and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. "The Deel tak a grip o'ye, said Sawney, an I had kend ye lood mufic io weel, but ye *should* have had it before dinner.

The Duke of Manch-ster, in the debate on the bill brought into the House of Peers by the Bishop of Landaff, to prevent Adultery; exposed the vices and irregularities of the Clergy, and vindicated the gentlemen of the army from some imputations unjustly thrown upon them. The Archbishop of Can—ry, irritated at the nature, as well as the length of his speech; desired to know, "when that noble lord would leave off preaching?" the Duke replied, "the very day his Majesty makes me a bishop."

A notorious bawd of *Cerkenwell*, having left in her will a handsome sum of money to be given the Revd. Dr. T—n, to preach her funeral sermon; but on condition, that he should say nothing but what was *well* of her. Her executors accordingly waited on the Doctor, and acquainted him with the conditions of the will, who being very much surprised at such a request desired them to call again, and he would consider of it. Some time after, they came again, when he agreed, that on the money's being paid directly, he would preach it the following Sunday. The doctor kept his word; and taking his text, "Blessed are they, &c;" made an excellent sermon on a well-spent life, and the

reward they would have in the next world, concluding, dear friends, said he, "as for the deceased of whom I am now to speak (which drew great attention from the congregation) all I shall say of her is, that she was born at Camberwell, and lived great part of her time in Bridewell, and died in the parish of Clerkenwell, and at last has done well, and there let us pray for her farewell, &c."

Mr. Garrick coming down Grub-street one day, and seeing a concourse of people, enquired the cause of it, when a good woman informed him, "that a woman had but just cut her throat, and added, another woman cut her throat a few days ago," "indeed," replied Mr. Garrick, "I think it may with great propriety be called a cut-throat place."

Mr. Alderman Wool-e, asked Mr. Garrick one day, "what was honesty?" "What is that to you Mr. Alderman?" replied Mr. Garrick, "meddle with those things that concern you!"

Dr. Johnson, reading a witty preface before a dull book, "said he wondered how such a preface came to be *marched* to preposterously to such a book." Indeed, Doctor, replied Mr. Garrick, "I see no reason why they may not be *marched*, for I am sure they are not all a-kind."

Lord Boling-e, had a dog named Cuckold, and in returning home one evening, the dog ran in

in a doors first; "Oh; my Lady," said the waiting maid, "Cuckold's come," "Nay then said Lady Boling—e, my Lord is not far off, I am sure."

The famous Mr. O'Kelly was walking one day in the Green Park with several ladies, with his hat under his arm; the wind blowing very hard, one of the ladies said, "I wonder, Sir, you will be so ceremonious to walk bare headed in such boisterous weather? pray Mr. O'Kelly put on your hat." "By my shoul, dear madam, answered O'Kelly, I have been after trying, two or three times already and the wind is so high, that I can't keep my hat upon my head any longer than it is under my arm."

A country parson that was double diligent, and would catechise forenoon and afternoon, his expression in the forenoon was this, "so much for men and boys; in the afternoon I intend to turn over the old women, and to have one touch with the maids."

Lady L——, having cause to complain of the manhood of her husband, who being conscious of his inability, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do family duty in his stead; she chose the coachman, but by some accident the chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was resolved to watch her waters; it was not long before he had

had an opportunity by peeping through a key-hole of being confirmed, and being a very *conscientious* parson, he thought it his duty to acquaint Lord L—— with it; he told him, he could not *see him abused* in so vile, so abominable a manner, without letting him know of it. Hush, hush, doctor Trush, *the thing is a secret*. “I give my coachman twenty pounds a-year extraordinary for that service.” “God take me, cried the *conscientious* parson, why would you not speak to me, *I would have done it for half the money and thanked you too*.”

When Tom Weston was at school, he had taken notice that his schoolmaster very often read a chapter of the Corinthians wherein is this sentence; “we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye,” privately erased the letter C, in the word *changed*; by and by the schoolmaster desired his eldest son to read the chapter; the boy read, “*we shall all be changed in the twinkling of an eye*, say you so master replied Weston, you may if you will, but I'll give you leg-bail for it, so run home

+ An Irishman having a looking glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face: Mr. Christie, the Auctioneer, asking him why he did so; Upon my thoul, said the other, *it is to see how I look when I am asleep*.

A farmer near Liverpool, going across his grounds in the dusk of the evening, espied Tom Weston

Weston the player and a young girl very busy near a *five bar gate* in one of his fields; and calling to them to know what they were about, "No harm, farmer, replied Tom, we are only going to *prop-a-gate*."

The late Mr. H—, the comedian, was one day standing at a coffeehouse door in St. James's street with Mr Foote, and playing with a little dog, he frequently carried under his arm, when his Grace the Duke of Gr—n, who had been a patron of Mr. H— was just stepping into his chariot, after receiving the comedian's salute; and observing he had got a handsome little puppy; to which Mr. H. replied, "Yes, please your Grace; he is one of King Charles's breed." The chariot now began to move, and Mr. Foote turning about to poor H. who never dreamt he had been guilty of an error, with his usual acuteness, cried "Why, you blockhead, do you know that you have affronted my lord duke? hadn't you brains enough to know to remember that he's a grandson of King Charles himself?" Mr. H. now recollected his mistake, and fearful he might incur the duke's displeasure, ran immediately after the chariot, and coming at length blowing up to the window, began to apologize for his expression, and concluded with, "I hope your Grace will not be offended at what was inadvertently said; for I assure your Grace, I did not remember *your grandfather was a bastard of King Charles's*?"

Sir

+ Sir John Tay—r one day reproached his wife with the prodigious sums she laid out in finery; “When I had a girl, said Sir John, before I married, it seldom cost me above five guineas a week, but was I to keep an account, I am sure I never ki's, that it costs me less than twenty guineas” “That is *no fault of mine*, replied lady T—r, I am always at your service *come as often as you will*. Why do not you contrive that it should not cost you above *half-a-crown a time*?”

Mr. Stavely, a red-hot patriot, who thought that every action of Mr. Wilkes's life was as sanctimonious as any act of the apostles, one day talking of the many stories circulated about the alderman's deism and irreligion, said they were all a pack of damn'd lies, and raised by the court party to hurt him with the people; and then very gravely gave us an instance of his *Christianity*—his having cheated a Jew.

“Lord D—by has an ugly trick of thrusting his hand in, and groping in his breeches,” said Lady Gros—r to Lady D—by, “Pho, says, she, don't you know he is always *making much ado about nothing*.”

It was an excellent saying of lady Fitzharding sister of the Countess of Orkney, That in men, desire begets love, and in women Love begets desire.

When

When Mr. Hend — n, the comedian was going to be married, Mr. Garrick asked him the age of his destin'd spouse ; was answered, " Eight and twenty, or thereabouts." " Damn it, cries he, why will you marry an old woman ?" " *An old woman !* repeated the other ; do you call a woman of eight and twenty old ?" " Yes, said Mr. Garrick, I always reckon a woman's years as I do at picket, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, sixty."

Old Shuter, the comedian, having a dispute in the green room with Mrs. Yates the actress, " Madam, says he, I have heard of *Tartars and Britonians* ; but by G —, you are the *cream of the one and the flower of the other.*

" I can't conceive, says Lord Pomfret to Lord M — t, a Scotch peer, how it is you manage ; I am convinced you are not of a disposition to spend more than your income ; and yet, though your estate is less than mine, I can't afford to live at the rate that you do." " My Lord, replied the other, I have a place." " A place ! you amaze me ; I never heard of it till now. Pray, what place ?" *I am my own steward.*

When Mr. Jenyns was a Cambridge scholar, he was one day conducting the daughter of a bookbinder of that town through a crowd, and took hold of the sleeve of her gown. " Don't you pull too hard, said one of his acquaintances that met him, for fear you should pull her out of the

the linding. "I don't care if I do," replied the other, *I should like her better in sheets.*

Counsellor Wall—e endeavouring to browbeat a witness told him, he could plainly see Rogue in his face. "I never knew before," said the witness, *that my face was a looking-glass.*"

One day several ladies and gentlemen went in different boats, on a party of pleasure, on the Thames. One of the boats overturning, they were all soufed in the water; but in particular a very pretty young girl, who being in imminent danger, lord M—n leaped out of another boat to save her: the girl, as soon as he swam to her, laid hold of him by the waistband of the breeches, which with her pulling soon gave way; and scarce knowing what she did, she laid hold of him by a part which shall be *nameless*, by which he brought her ashore. Having had themselves dried and the dinner being over, and the ladies withdrawn, the gentlemen began to laugh, and joke Lord M—n who had saved the girl, on account of the odd part she had seized him by. He replied, "I think she did quite right; she was afraid of being drown'd, and *to save herself laid hold of a thing that never goes to the bottom.*"

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country there was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known above a *dozen cooks* employed in dressing one wedding dinner." I
sup-

suppose, said the Englishman, "*That was when every man toasted his own cheese.*"

The Prince of Orange, afterwards King William, the third of England, preparing for an expedition; one of his officers begged to know what his intentions were? "can you keep a secret?" said the Prince. "I can sir, replied the officer." "And so can I, said William."

The late counsellor Hayward, of Dublin, seeing Lord P--cy with a plume of feathers in his hat, "if he had but a cork in his tail, said the counsellor, one might make a shuttlecock of him."

The late Mr. Sterne, being at a Coffee-house in York, Charles Turner came in, who gave much offence to the company, consisting chiefly of gentlemen of the gown; by descanting too freely upon religion, and the hypocrisy of the clergy; Mr. Turner at length addressed himself to Mr. Sterne, asking him, "what were his sentiments upon the subject?" when, instead of answering him directly, he told the witling, "that his dog was reckoned one of the most beautiful pointers in the whole county, was very good natured, but that he had an infernal trick which destroyed all his good qualities---he never sees a clergyman, continued Sterne, but always flies at him. "How long has he had that trick---sir?" "ever since he was a puppy."

X John Wilkes and Sir Watkin Lewes were dining one day at Skinner's-Hall, at a venison feast, when Jack being a *little mellow*, after dinner jeered and joked Sir Watkin, which his Welch blood could not bear, upon which *the Knight* said, "Wilkes, you want to *make me your butt*;" egad, I do not, replied Jack, *for I hate an empty butt.*

A London rider returning home from a long journey, very much fatigued, went to sleep at night without performing some duties which his wife thought it natural for him to go through. The next morning, on going into the kitchen, he saw his boots burning upon the fire, and his spurs broke; upon enquiring into the cause, his wife replied, "Why my dear, what occasion have you for boots and spurs, when you know you have left of *riding*."

One day the lady of sir Thomas C—e meeting a friend of her's, whom she had not seen for some time, "asked him if he was married?" No, madam, answered he." "Good God! cried the lady, how extremely well and fresh you look! you must make use of viper broth;" "on the contrary, madam, the cause that I look so well, is, that I am not married, and consequently have nothing to do with *vipers*."

A pert young fellow, in company with a girl of the town, meeting Dr. Giffard in the foot path behind the British Museum, asked him in raillery what

what age he was ? " I can't tell precisely, said the Doctor ; but this I know, and would have you also know, that an *ass* is older at twenty, than a man at sixty."

Lady Craven shewing a very fine picture to her husband, which she had been made a present of by the French ambassador ; " What do you say to it, my lord ?" said she. " Indeed, madam, I can only say, that either *he who gave you this picture is a fool, or I am one.*"

Lord Barrington, talking in a coffee house of Calcraft, Townsend, and some others, who from being mere ministerial tools, in which characters they made large fortunes, were now turned patriots, said they put him in mind of tavern keepers, who, when they first set up, will let you have a room for a wench to do your business with ; but as they grow rich, they grow conscientious, and tell you with a grave air, There are others who suffer such goings on ; but, for their parts, they admit *no lewd women into their houses.*"

When the Marchioness of Carmarthen was first married, she asked lady Holderness her mother, if she must *go to bed* as soon as the ceremony was over ? " No, says her mother, you must dine." " And then to-bed, my lady ?" " No ; you must dance after dinner." " And then to bed, my lady ?" " No ; you must go to *supper.*"

Mr. Twiss, a great traveller, was talking of a church he saw in Spain, which was a mile and a half long. " Bless my soul! said Mr. Garrick wondering, and how broad was it? " About ten yards, said Twiss." " This is, you'll observe, gentlemen, said Mr. Garrick, not a round lie; but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."

Some city ladies were talking of some young fellows their acquaintance, who were starch in their behaviour. " Don't you remember, sister, how the stiff thing that went up Petticoat-lane the other day, made us *turn up our eyes*."

Sam Foote used to tell a merry story of a fishmonger; whom he said had a *jeal* as merry as a *jeal*, and would drink like a fish; his heart was as sound as a *roach*, till a maid hooked and tickled him into matrimony. " 'Tis true, said he, she had cheeks as red as a boiled lobster, and two eyes that shined like whittings in the dark;" yet that which best pleased the fishmonger was, a part about her which smelt like dried ling; he took her there by the gills, and laying her as flat as a flounder, felt a wriggling like an eel, while he dab'd her with a cod; and *would I had been in his plaise*.

The late Lord R——, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in phyfic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who
knew

knew his foible, and on a particular occasion wished to have his vote, came to him one morning, and after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired Lord R. to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection; and as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me? Apropos, said Lord Chesterfield after the operation: "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord R. — said, He did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which was to be debated; "but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?" Chesterfield having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment, he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he wished, he used afterwards to say, "That none of his friends had done as much as he; having literally *bled* for the good of his country."

Hough, bishop of Worcester, was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities; having a great deal of company at his house; Mr. Priestly desired his Lordship, to shew him a curious weather glass which the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above fifty guineas. The servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who in delivering it to Mr. P—, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged by the accident; "be under no concern, my dear sir, says the bishop, smiling, I

think it rather a *lucky omen* ; we have hitherto had a dry season, and I hope we shall have some rain soon, for I *protest* I do not remember ever to have seen the glass so low."

During the war of the year 1759, a commander of one of his Majesty's ship's of war, being stationed at Boston, in North America, had orders to cruize from time to time, in order to protect our trade, and distress the French. It happened unluckily, that he returned from one of his cruises on a Sunday, and as he had left his lady at Boston, the moment she heard of the ship's arrival, she halted down to the water side in order to receive him. The captain, on landing, embraced her with tenderness and affection. This, as there were many spectators, gave great offence, and was considered as an act of indecency, and a glaring *profanation of the Sabbath*. The next day, therefore, he was summoned before the Magistrates, who, with many severe rebukes, and pious exhortations, ordered him to be publicly whipped ; the Captain stifled his indignation and resentment as much as possible, and as the punishment from the frequency of it, was not attended with any degree of ignominy, or disgrace, he mixed with the best company, was well received by them, and they were apparently good friends. At length the time of the station expired and he was recalled. He went therefore, with seeming concern to take leave of his worthy friends, and begged that they might spend one happy day together, before their final separation ;
he

he invited *the holy Magistrates and other saints to dine* with him on board his ship, upon the day of his departure. They accepted the invitation, and nothing could be more joyous and convivial, than the entertainment which he gave them. At length the moment arrived that was to separate them; the anchor was a-peak, the sails were unfurl'd and nothing was wanting but the signal to get under way. The captain, after taking an affectionate leave of his saintly friends, accompanied them upon deck, when the boatswain and crew were in readiness to receive them. He then thanked them afresh for the civilities they had shewn him, of which, he said, he should retain an eternal remembrance, and to which, he wished it had been in his power to have made a more *adequate* return. One point of civility only remained to be adjusted between them, which as it was *in his power, so he meant most justly to recompence them*; he then reminded them of what had passed and ordering the crew to pinion them, had them brought one by one to the gangway, where the boatswain stripped off *their skirts, and with cat o' nine tails laid on the back of each forty stripes*. *The Saints were then amidst the shouts and acclamations of the ship's company shoved into their boats, and the Captain immediately getting under way, sailed for England.*"

It is well known the late Colley Cibber the Manager and Poet Laureat, was engaged in a paper war with Mr. Pope the great poet, and
being

being told one day, that Pope intended to prosecute him for making too free with his character; Cibber happened to be in a peevish temper, and replied, "he may kiss my a—e;" upon this, one of his friends, who was upon the banter, observed "that was not language for a gentleman, and he was sure that he would not say so to Mr. Pope's face." Sir, says Cibber, "I would tell him so, or any puppy that shall take his part;" this assertion was what they were fishing for, as they now perceived that he was in a right cue to be worked up to any pitch, for before they parted, they provoked him to a bet of one hundred guineas, that he would bid Pope kiss his a—e, in the public play house, bid the company that sat with him kiss his a—e, let them be who they would; bid box, pit, and gallery do the same, and to conclude, by bidding the whole house kiss his a——e also. This mad wager soon got wind, and it was generally known that Pope was to be at the playhouse the next night: when the time came, the house was crowded; as it was the beginning of term time, the Solicitor-general, now Earl Mansf—d, and the Attorney-general, Mr. Ryder, were both in the stage box, and little Alexander Pope perched plump between them,---just as the last music was playing, and the curtain ready to be drawn up, he rung the bell and pushed boldly on the stage; Cibber bowed, the house clapped, he bowed again, all was attention, and thus he began. "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a story to tell you, to which, if you don't honour me with an indulgent hearing

ing I shall lose one hundred guineas ;" upon this an universal clap ensued, and a general cry of, " the story ! the story !" He then began thus, " you must know, ladies and gentlemen, that there lived in this city. an honest old trencher-maker, who had saved a very considerable fortune and having two sons, call'd them Kill-'em-all and Kifs-my-arse ; he left all his landed estate to his eldest son, Kill-'em-all, and all his business and stock in trade to his youngest son, Kifs-my-arse. Now it happened, ladies and gentlemen, that Kill-'em-all in a few years, prodigally spent his patrimony, and what does he do, but sets up his trade of trencher-making, directly under the nose of his brother Kifs-my-arse. It is an old saying, that two of a trade can never agree, and I am sure it is a true one ; for no sooner was the opposition begun, but the two brothers began to hate the sight of each other, so that if they both chanced to be at the play on the same night, you would see Kill-'em-all in the pit, and Kifs-my-arse in the gallery ; or else Kill-'em-all in the gallery, and Kifs-my-arse in the pit ; indeed, sometimes you might see Kill-'em-all in the pit, or gallery, and Kifs-my-arse in the boxes. Bye and bye, they got into a paper war, but as neither of them could write themselves ; they employed scribblers on each side to do it for them ; so Kill-'em-all chose your humble servant, and Kifs-my-arse Mr. Pope (bowing to him) soon after the commencement of the paper war, they went to law with each other about defamation, Kill-'em-all chose for council, the Solicitor-general

ral, and Kifs-my-arse, Mr. Attorney-general; No, I mistake, Kill-'em-all chose the Attorney-general, and Kifs-my-arse Mr. Solicitor-general (bowing occasionally to both) at last, by the interposition of friends; they agreed to submit it to an arbitration, and then it was finally settled that, to obviate all disputes for the future, Kill-'em-all's trenchers should for the time to come, be made all square and those of Kifs-my-arse, all round." (bowing to the house) This piece of humour was received with great applause and Cibber fairly won his wager; it was said, that Lord Mansf—d, who was the intimate friend of Mr. Pope, begged that he would always keep Cibber for his friend for the future.

When the late Prince of Wales condescended to honour Mr. Pope with a visit, Pope met the Prince at the water side, and expressing his sense of the honour done him in very proper terms, joined with the most dutiful expressions of attachment. On which the Prince said "it is very well, but how shall we reconcile your love to a prince with your professed indisposition to king's, since princes will be kings, in time," sir, replied Mr. Pope, "*I consider royalty under that noble and authorised type of the lion; while he is young, and before his nails are grown, he may be approached and carressed with safety and pleasure.*"

Sir Richard Steel, when in Scotland seeing a shepherd reading a book, thought to banter him,

by asking him the way to heaven? Sir, says he, "the way to heaven, lies streight by yonder tower that you see at some distance, *it is called the Tower of Repentance.*"

Mr. Pope, who was very much deformed, having a dispute with a hackney coachman, swore by his usual oath, "God mend me," "God mehd you!" says the coachman, "God Almighty could make a score in the time that you would take to be mended."

The gallant Admiral, James, Duke of York, afterwards that prest-ridden monarch, James the second, gained numbers of the Scotch by familiarity; when he and his second Dutchess went to Scotland, the one day observed three covers upon the dining table, "asked the Duke, for whom the third was intended?" he answered, "for General Dalziel, whom he had asked to dine with him." The Dutchess refused to permit a private gentleman to sit at table with her, Dalziel, who had been in the Imperial service, entered the room in the mean time, and hearing the scruples of the Dutchess, "told her, he had dined at a table when her father had stood at his back; alluding to the Duke of Modena's being a vassal of the Emperor;" the Dutchess felt the reproof, and told the Duke she would never offend again the pride of proud men."

Mr. Garrick going up Holborn, when a great mob was gathered together to see a criminal pass
to

to Tyburn, "asked Mr. Lockyer Davis, who was standing at his shop door, what was the name of the person going to his fatal exit, and what was his crime?" Mr. Davis answered, his name was Vowell, and his crime forgery." Ah! said Mr. Garrick, "do you know which of the vowells it is? for there are several of that name, however, continued Mr. Garrick, it is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither U, nor I."

A countryman standing to look at the curious wax work in Fleet-street, was asked by Lady Harrington who observed him "how he should like one of those ladies for a bedfellow?" waunds, said the fellow "for all she looks so plaguy fine, now she is drett, when she comes to pluck off her paint and patches, and her fine cloaths to come to bed, perhaps she may be as ugly an old whore as you."

Mr. Foote, supping at an inn, in L—, a borough town in Norfolk, when the cloth was taken away, the landlord enquired "how he liked his supper?" "extremely well, said Foote, I have supped as well as any man in the kingdom;" "except Mr. Mayor, replied the landlord;" "I except nobody, said Foote," "you must, says the landlord," "I won't, says Foote." In short their dispute grew so high, that the landlord took Mr. Foote before the Mayor. The Magistrate, whose understanding was on exact equilibrio with that of the landlord; gravely told

told Mr. Foote, "that the custom of excepting Mr. Mayor, had obtained in that place, time out of mind, that every one was obliged to conform to it, and that he fined him a shilling for refusing. "Very well, answered Foote, "there is the shilling; but may I be d—d, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greatest fool in Christendom, except you Mr. Mayor.

The distinguished Scotch patriot, John, the great Earl of Stair, having voted against a favourite measure of Sir Robert Walpole's, that minister prevailed on King George the second, to strip him of his employments; Queen Caroline meeting him in one of the anti-chambers, asked him, "what he would do, now he had so greatly displeased the King?" "I will retire to Scotland, and live there upon the *remains* of that fortune, which I have ruined in *support of your family.*"

An Irish author desired his publisher to take lodgings for him; the publisher found an apartment in St. Paul's Church Yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him, honest Paddy "desired to know if he had seen any thing that would answer, and where it was?" "in St. Paul's Church-Yard," replied the other. Phaw, resumed Teague, "what a pretty messenger you are to send on an expedition; did you ever hear of a man's going to *live* in a church-yard till after he *was dead.*"

H

A baker

A baker being charged before Mr. Plum-e, when Lord Mayor, with making his bread short weight, said in excuse for himself, that corn was so dear, that it was impossible to do otherwise to get an *honest living by it*.

Mr. Foote, seeing the King's rat-catcher, "asked what his office was?" Tom Weston, told him 'twas to kill all the vermin about the court, for which he had a salary of fifty ponnids a year. "*Fifty!*" answered Foote, "why, Tom, he deserves fifty thousand, to kill all the *vermin* there."

Mr. Garrick being at a masquerade, in a cook's dress, Mr. Alderman Wool — e, in a domino, desired he would dress him a dish of veal cutlets; Sir, replied Mr. Garrick, "you being the best looking calf in the company, I must cut the meat from your carcase."

To women were gossiping together, one says, "my daughter han't laid eyes together these four nights." "You fool, says the other, how should she, don't her nose lie between them."

A QUAKER'S SERMON.

Dear Brethren and loving Sisters,

We are met and assembled together, and the end and meaning of our meeting is this, which I shall

shall unfold to you in as few words, and as clear a sense as the matter itself will admit of. Obadiah, our dear brother, of the town of Rumford in Essex, who followeth the lawful occupation of making leather breeches, having occasion to come to London, the man arose, took his staff, and walked. But behold, as he was coming over Epping Forest, the south-east corner thereof, he met our sister Ruth, who cast such ogling glances at the unfortunate Obadiah, and squeezed his hand so sensibly, that the snake peeped from out of the grass, and our dear friend Obadiah was forced to obey the *all commanding power of the little unlucky one*. Whereupon he said unto her, Dear sister Ruth, the spirit moveth me to lay thee down, that I may multiply upon thee; and she answered him and said, *Resist not the Spirit, for from thence proceedeth no evil*. So he took and laid her down; and when it came to pass that she was down, he covered her face, that her eyes might not behold what she was going to commit. Obadiah likewise fell with his face downwards, and then followed the motions of the Spirit. But, my beloved, the intent was good, and that appears plainly. Thus, our brother was moved with a fair and tempting object; and such temptations who can withstand? And, secondly, He did not go to it after the ways of the prophane, who say, G—d d—n me, I will do so and so, and, by G—, you shall do so or so; but he said unto her, Dear sister, the spirit moveth me; whereby you may see his intentions were good, and that he did not do

it to satisfy the *sensual and carnal appetite*, but to raise up seed to the brotherhood by *propagation*.

A *piratical* book and play-seller in the Strand, being told of some of his tricks by Mr. Garrick at the Somerset coffee-house and being nettled at his reproaches, said, "What, Mr. Garrick! do you call me an unfair trader and *rogue*?" "No, answered, Mr. Garrick, I don't call you *rogue*; but I'll give ten guineas if you'll find any one here, who will say you are an *honest man*."

Mr. Twiss, being very superbly dressed, was coming from the custom-house by Billingsgate, one of the fishwomen cried out, "Oh, la! I wish I could do what that gentleman so richly dressed can do." Twiss hearing her, asked what she meant. "Why, sir, says she, *you can kiss my a-se, which I can't do myself*."

A young fellow went a courting to a farmer's daughter, and being a great glutton took a companion with him, who was to tread on his toe when he thought he had ate enough; and they sat down to supper to frumenty; but being wet weather, staid all night. When they were in bed, says greedy-guts, "You trod on my toe before I had half my belly full." "Why, says the other, I saw where it was set, and I'll fetch you a ladle-full;" but in coming back, missed the door, and went into old Gaffer's room, where my old gammer lay with her a—e bare: he thinking it was his friend's face, holds the frumenty to it. The
old

old woman lets a phizzle. "Phoo, says he, what do you blow at? for it is quite cold." Phiz comes another directly. "-Why, if you blow it any more, I'll throw it in your face." Whereupon comes a rousing fart. Smack goes the frumenty upon my old dame's buttocks, who made such a terrible outcry, as soon convinced the spark of his mistake.

An innkeeper at Oxford bragged that one of his beds was so big *that two hundred constables lay in it at one time;* which was, *two constables of the hundred.*

Tom Weston asked Mr. Foote one day, what was the greatest wonder in the world? "Why," said he, *women's and lawyer's tongues;* for they always lie, *yet never lie still."*

A debauched October parson was reproved by a citizen who was a common councilman, for his loose disorderly life; telling him that the clergy ought to be the lanthorns of light. "How can we be the lanthorns of light, answered the parson, *when you citizens have got all the horns?*"

In a storm at sea, all went to prayers but one, and he fed heartily on salt meat; being asked the reason, he said, *He should drink more to-day than ever he did in his life.*

As a boy was leading a calf with both hands over Blackheath, Lord D—— happened to be taking

taking a walk. The boy it seems, minding the calf more than his master, went drudging on without moving his hat. "Why, sirrah, says his lordship, have you no more manners than to pass me with your hat on?" Alas! says the boy, I'll pull off my hat with all my heart, if your lordship *will hold the calf* in the mean time."

As the king was going thro' St. James's gate, an old woman was pushed almost down by the people who crowded to see him, Mr. Jewell was standing just before her, who had a remarkable long tail'd wig, which, to save herself, she laid fast hold of. "What is the woman about?" says he. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Jewell, says old Mumpsimus; but your *jewel of a tail* has saved me from *being laid all along in the dirt*."

B——, one of the cannons of St. Paul, being in company with some ladies from Oxford, let fall his handkerchief, and in stooping to pick it up again, he happened to break wind backwards. "Bless me, ladies! cried one of them, I believe 'tis his majesty's birth-day; for I think I hear one of the cannons of St. James's." "No, madam, answered Mrs. M——, it is one of the *cannons* of St. Paul's; for you may *smell the gunpowder*."

Two journeymen taylor's went over to France and put up at the Silver Lion in Abbeville, where they intended to regale themselves; and calling for more liquor, the landlady of the house answered, *Tout a l'heure*; that is, coming immediately:

ately: which they understood, that she was making game of them, by saying, *two taylors*; which frightened the two heroes or the goose, as they concluded she must have dealings with the devil, to know that they were taylors.

Mr. S—, a country gentleman, near Salisbury having married a buxom widow, a few weeks after marriage, found it necessary to withdraw from the business or love for a little while; but not willing to let his wife into the secret, he procured a subpoena to be sent to him to attend as an evidence at one of the courts in London; which showing her, he took leave with seeming regret, and set forward on his journey, and was absent about a month. A few days after his return home, his lady and he were looking out at a window at their cows grazing in a field adjoining. “My dear, said he, what is become of the bull which used to be so brisk amongst the cows here?” Oh, my love, says she, he is *subpœna’d*, I suppose, to the *other end of the field*.

A Newcastleman, who had taken a trip to London in a collier, returned in the same manner, after having seen Wapping, and all the curiosities about Nightingale lane, &c. affected to speak very proper. Putting his foot on the head of a rake, he asked its name; but he had scarcely done speaking, when the long handle or shaft of the rake gave him a bang in the forehead. “Pox take the rake, said he! is that all the civility

lity you shew me for taking notice of an old acquaintance."

Lady Crav-n being seated next to Lady Grosvenor at the Pantheon in Oxford-Street, edged away from her, as far as the room would admit of; which lady Grosvenor perceiving, said to her, "My lady Crav-n, is whoring catching, that you are afraid of sitting near me?"

Mrs. Elliot, who had been married about six months, asked Mr. Foote, if he would *stand* for her first child; "Madam, answered he, by the shortness of your apron I am very sure your first child has *already been stood for*."

Mr. Foote being in company with Sir William Wake and an Irish gentleman, it happened that Sir William fell asleep, which the Irish gentleman observing said, "Sam, our companion is asleep," "I'll lay you a guinea cries Foote, that he is a Wake;" "Done, cries the other." "Well now, my friend, says Foote, I will convince you that I have won the wager. Don't you know that his grandfather was a Wake, and his father was a Wake, and certainly he must be a Wake. "By the same rule, said the Irish gentleman, all his generation *must be a Wake even after they are dead*."

Sir Hugh Palliser being at Will's coffee house several sea captains were conversing on the danger
of

of rocks in the sea. "You may be right, replied Sir Hugh, but there are more people destroyed by the fire ships in the Strand than by half the rocks in the universe."

Dr. Priestly discoursing with great learning to a society of old women on the four elements, expressed great admiration at the creation of water. "Lord Doctor, said Lady Harrington, there is nothing so very curious in that, *for I can make water.*"

Mr. Garrick frequently said that he chose travelling on Sundays for two reasons: one, because he had the prayers of the church; and the other, because all the girls he met with had *clean linen.* X

Mrs. Y——, near Chelsea, drank pretty freely of the juniper, having been married some years, and never had any children, seeing her husband, who was a gardener, sowing some carrot seed, "My dear, says she, 'tis very strange that the seed you sow here should come to perfection, when the seed you sow in the bed above comes to nothing. "Wife, replied the gardener, the reason is, my good seed is *too much watered.*"

Mr. Foote used to say, That a whore in the business of love was like *farthings in trade*, only used for the convenience of *ready change.*

Tom Weston drinking some ale on Hampstead.

stead-heath, which was very strong of the hop, and hardly any taste of the malt, was asked by the landlord, if it was not well hop'd? "Yes; answered he, if it had *hop'd a little farther, it would have hop'd into the water.*"

Mr. Jordan, mayor of N—, had a fidler brought before him upon the account of vagrancy and strolling, the mayor asked him, What difference there was between a rogue and a fidler? "The same difference as is between a piss-pot and a jordan."

A lawyer's clerk in France was in love with an extreme pretty girl, courted her, and agreed to marry her. The wedding entertainment was provided, and amongst others, the clerk's master was invited. In the heat of dancing, a f—t, caused by indigestion or windy food, escaped the bride, loud enough to be heard by all the company, who burst into laughter. She blushed, and the bridegroom was so confounded and enraged, that he instantly broke off the match, to which no remonstrance nor entreaties could reconcile him. He imagined his acquaintance would jeer him for ever upon this accident; and he left the house in a pet. Great was now the disorder of the guests: the clerk's master, though a man in years, had eyed the girl with great attention, was smitten with her beauty, not only condemned the clerk's excessive delicacy, but proposed to repair the injury the girl was likely to sustain, by offering her marriage on the spot. Piqued at her
lover's

lover's desertion, and pressed by her friends, she consented; and they were married immediately. After marriage she behaved to him with so much propriety, that dying soon after, he left her mistress of a very great fortune. Being now a widow, handsome, young and rich, she had many offers of marriage, and accepted of the governor of Paris; who also dying soon after, left her once more a widow, though with greater additions of honour and fortune. Her person and character were now so amiable, that Casimir, king of Poland, being on a visit to the king of France, fell in love with her, and married her.—Such good fortune, perhaps, never before took its rise from such a truly ludicrous an incident as a f—t.

Three great masters of their trades, a vaulter, a barber and a fencer, contended together at the CheshireCheese in Fleetstreet, who was the best experienced in his art. The vaulter said, he leapt and sat on a stag in his full course; the barber said, he shaved a goat running; and the fencer said, that in a rainy day, he so brandished his sword over his head, that not a drop of rain fell upon him.—Let them judge which was best that believe the story.

A lady having two suitors, one tall and the other short, a friend asked her which she liked best? “Indeed, sir, says she, I like the *tallest*, if all things are in *proportion*.”

A beggar asking the late Dr. Smollett for
alms

alms, he gave him through absence, or mistake for a less valuable piece; a Guinea. The poor fellow on perceiving it hobbled after him and told him of it. Upon which Smollet returned it to him with another guinea, as a reward for his honesty, exclaiming at the same time, "*My God, what a lodging honesty has taken up with.*"

Mr. Foote seeing Lady D—y's legs, she lifting up her petticoats a little too high. "Madam, said he, you have a handsome pair of twins." "You are mistaken, sir, said she, for I have had several between them."

A countryman used when he clove wood to cry hem! at every stroke; his wife observing that then he struck with the greatest force, bid him at night when they were in bed to cry hem. "No, said he, I must not do so now, for I intend only to bore, not to cleave thee."

When Charles Holland lived in Surry-street, he raised his landlord's maid's belly, whose name was Nell Cotton: it was said that he gave her a yard of Holland, and she gave him a bed of Cotton.

Dr. Smollett when he lived at Chelsea used to say, that the sabbath was a wise institution, because the *breaking* of it supported half the villages about London.

Dr. Taylor, the oculist, who was a great coxcomb,

comb, told Fanny Murray, that he knew her thoughts by her eyes.—“*Do you, by G—d, then I am sure you will keep them secret, for they are not to your advantage.*”

Lord Chatham being asked by the late Lord Chesterfield, what opinion he had of the abilities of the late Lord Temple; replied, that he could say but little of his understanding *public matters*, but that Lord Temple was a very good gardener.

George Grenville, the father of the present Earl Temple, was the original projector of the American stamp act, and nick-named the Gentle Shepherd. The above two noblemen conversing together in the winter of the year 1765 on the situation of affairs, Lord Chesterfield agreed with Lord Chatham, that of all the ministers this country ever had, George Grenville had been the most successful; for that he had done *by one act of parliament*, what every minister since the Revolution *had endeavoured to prevent, the separation of the colonies from the mother country.*”

Mr. P——, of Ely, being at Stourbridge fair, bought the Whole Duty of Man, and going home with some neighbours, he told them what he had bought. One of them asked, how many he had bought? being answered only one. “Why sure, Mr. P——, I always thought that you loved your daughter’s, and you must be sensible

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fible that every girl of seventeen must want the Whole Duty of Man.

Mr. Ballentine, a wealthy farmer in Middlesex, justified a bail in the court of King's Bench, and upon his being asked by Mr. Serjeant Davy, if he could produce no more deeds of his ability to bail the action, replied, there is an India bond for 1000 l. and if that is not enough, here is a note of 5l. 9s. 11d.² that a great Counsellor gave to his butcher, and which has been due upwards of two years; I think the great lawyer's name is Mr. Serjeant Davy, or some such name, perhaps Mr. Lawyer you may have heard of such a one, addressing himself to Mr. Serjeant Davy, which set the whole court in such an immediate fit of laughter, that Lord Mansfield declared next day, such another *bout* would certainly put a period to his life.

The late Mr. Rich. of Covent Garden theatre, had a strange custom of calling every body Mister. Mr. Rich. having called Foote several times Mister, Foote grew warm, and asked him the reason of his not calling him by his name. "Don't be angry, said Mr. Rich, for I sometimes forget my own name." "That is extraordinary indeed, replied Foote, I knew that you could not *write* your own name, but I did not suppose you could *forget* it."

A sailor resolved to amend his life by taking the sacrament the first time he went on shore. In
the

the middle of the service when the clergyman gave the wine. he asked him what it was, upon which the clergyman gave him an explanation of the bread and wine, "very well, said the tar, don't give us any more of *your lingo*, but I had rather it had been *punch*."

Mr. Leeson, an Essex gentleman, and an entire stranger to Mr. Garrick, waited on him some few years ago; and presented him with a very curious edition of the comedy of *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*; and requested Mr. Garrick to write an epitaph on his wife, who had been buried the day before, "pray, sir, says Mr. G. what was your wife's name?" "Margaret, sir, replied Leeson;" Mr. Garrick then asked, "what issue she had." "Issue, sir, (answered the disconsolate widower) none, but one in her leg; adding, he begged he would write something in her praise, on which Mr. Garrick, wrote as follows:

- "Here lies the body of barren Peg,
- "Who had no issue, but in her leg;
- "And for her praise — she was so cunning;
- "Whilst one leg stood still, she kept the other
- "running.

Mr. Bolt, an elderly Quaker, being joined in the hand of wedlock with Mrs. O —, a brisk widow of the same persuasion; as he was entering the sheets with her, on the wedding night

he called for the Lord to *direct* him. "Nay, faith Tabitha, the Lord *strengthen* thee, and I will *direct* thee."

Some sailors, and their ladies were playing at what are my thoughts like? a lady thought and asked the question, when a jack tar told her, "her thought was like a shrimp;" "pray, Jack, says she, why do you say that Admiral Keppel is like a shrimp?" "because Bet, I know that his *head* is good for nothing, and your sister there, says, that his *tail* is not worth a straw."

The Dutchess of Kingston, who is not less remarkable for painting, and its natural effects upon the eyes, than the severity of her repartees; met Mr. Garrick one day in Kensington Gardens. "Bless me, Mr. Garrick, a sight of you is good for sore eyes." "I am very happy, madam, he replied to hear it, as I shall be of some service to your Grace."

Mr. Bruntwell, the apothecary, asked the patriotic Dr. Wilson of Bath, one morning, "how he did?" "do, sir" said he, "why I think, I do very well;" but really I cannot get Mrs. Macaulay to think so." The Doctor and Mrs. M. lived in the same house.

Charles Fox made love to a widow, who, he was made to believe was a great fortune; coming a little unawares upon her once, caught her fast in his arms. Hey day! said she, "what do
you

you fight after the French way, take towns before you declare war?" "No, faith, widow, said he, but I should like to imitate them so far, as to be in the *middle of the country* before you could resist me."

Mr. Foote, who was a man of a tolerable size, happening to go thump, thump, with his wooden leg up the Hay-market, when the paviours were at work in the middle of July. "Ah! God bless you, Mr. Foote," cries one of them, "it is very kind of you to come this way, it will save us a deal trouble this hot weather."

Garrick used to say, that he always looked upon Drury-Lane and Convent Garden, as the main ocean; "for, continued he, when an author writes a piece, here he launches it upon the sea of criticism, and every one knows that this is a most dangerous navigation, full of rocks and shoals, and there are no safe pilots but novelty, wit, and sense. An actor here, first sets sail for the ports of applause; and if he is lucky enough to double the Cape of Approbation, he may weather out a season, and taste the benefit of the *April Monsoons*. As to the busses, frigates, transports and tenders which cruise here in fleets; they carry on a very illicit trade, and if it was not for *Philips Insurance-office*; no navigator could get underwrote for less than *cent. per cent.* for though there are few *privateers* upon this station, the *fire ships* are innumerable.

The late Dutcheſs Dowager of Malbrough made a viſit one morning to her kinfman, the honourable Jack Spencer, the father of the preſent Lord, who received her *ſtark naked*. The Dutcheſs “ ſaid ſhe never ſaw ſuch a fight before,” and was very angry. “ By the Lord Harry, madam, ſaid Jack, I thought I paid you great reſpect, in receiving you in my *birth-day ſuit*.”

Mr. Murphy, an Iriſh lawyer in the Temple, had a *little ſtudy*, having ſome friends in his chambers, who deſired to ſee it, he told them, faith gentlemen, *if you get in*, it will not hold you.”

The Dutcheſs of Kingſton, ſtanding by one of the Miſs Meadows's, while her woman was lacing her ſlays, who being jolly, the Dutcheſs took occaſion to joke her upon the largeneſs of her ſhape, to which the young lady replied, “ ſhe could wiſh it, as ſlender as her *Grace's reputation*.”

Mr. Twiſs, a great traveller, was telling very ſtrange ſtories of the remarkable things he had ſeen while he was abroad. Among the reſt of his wonders he ſaid he ſaw a cannon ſo large in France, that being in a caſh once drawn by four horſes, and a ſudden ſhower of rain falling, he drove into it caſh and all. “ Oh, ſaid Mr. Garrick, who was liſtning to him, I can vouch the truth of that myſelf; for I remember I was
at

at the other end of it in a post-chaise, and upon your coming in at the *mouth*, I drove out at the *touch-hole*."

Tom Weston being very much fuddled, coming home with some friends from Jupps's, in Duke's Court, one evening, staid behind to make water, and for that purpose took his stand directly under a spout from which the rain (a shower having lately fallen) poured very plentifully. Poor Tom after having lugged out and hearing the water still running, imagined it to be from his own *canal*, so that when his friends who thought he staid longer than was necessary for such an occasion, went back to see what was become of him, they heard him, as they drew near, uttering this submissive apostrophe. "O great and merciful Being, if it is your blessed will that I should piss myself to death—why be it so."

Mr. F— on the first of April, sent an eminent surgeon to the young Bishop of Win—r, telling him, that his Lordship had contracted a disorder of a private nature, which he did not chuse his family surgeon to be acquainted with, fearing the consequences of a discovery. The Bishop soon perceived the joke, after the Surgeon had enquired about the symptoms, sent his compliments to Mr. F—, by the surgeon, "that his *private affairs* were in a much better trim than Mr. F—'s *finances*."

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The famous Sixteen String Jack, who desired Shuter to stand and deliver; upon which, Shuter replied "you see, *honest friend*, that I cannot stand, but I can *deliver*, and immediately *spewed* all over him, and escaped being robbed."

Quin the player, being angry at his footman, he ran after him to correct him, the footman ran a good way, but at last Quin caught him, having never a stick in his hand (which he was very seldom without) he gave him a kick on the breech, whereupon the footman gave a great f—"out you stinking rascal, says Quin." "Why, replied the footman, you are my master, I must answer you at the same door you knock at."

In a cause in Chancery, wherein a Taylor happened to be a chief witness. Sir Fletcher N—, the counsel on the other side, knowing his profession, gave him this caution, "I understand friend, you are by trade a taylor; I would therefore advise you to use more conscience in your depositions, than you do in your bills, or else we shall none of us believe you." "Truly, Sir, says the Taylor, I confess our trade lies under a great deal of scandal, but if you and I were in a room together, and the Devil was to come in, and ask for the *greatest* rogue, I wonder, Sir Fletcher, whether you, or I, should be most frightened."

Dr. Hill, whose custom it was to put other people's names to his own works, that he himself

self might be at liberty to praise them, presented Lord B—— with a folio volume, and said, “there my Lord, read that book, it is wrote with the pen of an angel.” But Lord B—— pushing the book aside, replied, “Doctor, you are mistaken, *if angels were to write books, there would be no folio’s.*”

Sir Hugh Pal-fer, aboard whose ship divine service was constantly performed, being tired with the Parson’s continually singing one psalm, which was “All people that on earth do dwell,” said in a passion, “damn all people that on earth do dwell,” I’ll have, “the Lord is my shepherd.”

Mr. Horne, the minister of Brentford, was asked by Mr. Wilkes, “how he came to take it into his head to enter into the ministry of the church? Why, replied Horne, “the Lord had need of *me,*” you may be right, replied Mr. Wilkes, for I have heard that the Lord had *once need of an ass.*”

Lord Sandwich asked the late Dutchess of Marlborough, at the age of seventy, at what age a woman’s amorous passions subsided? indeed, my Lord, said she, “you must ask a woman older than *myself,* for I am as yet *unable to inform you.*”

The Prince of Quacks of the Adelphi, told Mr. Sheridan, that he had a mind to publish
some

some poems, but continued Dr. Graham, "I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do." Then take my advice, replied Mr. Sheridan, "and put your poems into the fire with the rest of your irons."

During a very high wind, part of St. Bride's church was blown down, and in particular, a stone, on which the *ten* commandments were entirely broke to pieces; upon which, Mr. Miller, the stone mason observed, "that *Boreas*, the North wind, must be a wicked fellow indeed, that could break *all* the commandments, and that Mr. Wilkes the Aldernian of the ward of Farringdon without, was a virtuous man to him for he had *never broken above five of them.*"

Tom Slender, the walking skeleton of Piccadilly, was one evening seized with an amorous fit, and pursuing the maid into the cellar he attempted to be rude with her. Mrs. Slender, suspecting what was going forward below stairs, stole sily down at the time her husband was expressing himself to the maid, "you are so tempting that *flesh and blood* cannot withstand it." If *flesh and blood* cannot withstand it, replied the wife, I think *skin and bones* might."

The late Lord Harrington being asked by Mr. Bowyer, the Jesuit, "what the church of Rome was like?" by G—, replied he, "I think her as like my Countess, as any thing." "Why so, says Bowyer?" "Why she commands when she

she pleases, without regard to either God or man and then curses all the family to hell, if they don't give quick obedience."

Mr. Fox, one night being very much in liquor, jostled against a post, but thought somebody had jostled him, and fell a beating the post till his knuckles were broke; Mr. Horne says to him, "t'ye, Charles, what makes you fight with a post?" how should I know it was a *post*, says he, why did not he *blow his horn*."

Lady Grov—nor who is remarkable for making use of hard words, without giving much heed to their *proper* signification, was once declaring her abhorrence for Lord Ch—ly, which she said was so great, that she never saw *him* but he filled her full of *concupiscence*.

The lower rank of papists in Ireland are very ignorant. A maid servant of that persuasion living in a protestant family, was prevailed on by her mistress on Sunday, to go to the established church, where Dr. Swift, dean of St. Patrick's was to preach. The lessons happened to be those in which frequent mention is made of *Mary Magdalen*. The wench coming home, her mistress asked her how she approved of the service? "Faith, madam, I liked it very well; but I little thought to hear the Doctor talk so much of *Molly McDillon*, our green-grocer's wife."

Mr.

Mr. H—s, the parson, who is not always thinking where he is, or what he is about, one morning reading the psalms at Pimlico chapel, came to the words *flourish like a green bay*, and turning over two leaves sticking together, he read on the other side, horse; “*Horse*, says he, green bay horse! aye, it is horse, and it must be so.”

Mr. Murphy, pleading one day before Lord Mansfield, said that his client was a poor man, who got his livelihood by making tin plates of iron. “Tin plates of iron! cries the judge, what do you mean by that Mr. Murphy?” “Why, my lord, I mean that they are not *thick*; for in Ireland, we call *iron*, when *thin*, *tin*.” Mr. M. has retained the nickname, ever since, of the *thin tin* lawyer.

Lady B— M—, who had shewn herself for some years at every public place in the kingdom without being able to get a husband, lady A—r said, She resembled a good fan; for she *flirted well and did not catch*.”

Quin dining with the late Lord Bath, who made an apology for treating his guests with port wine, because his butler had lost the key of his claret cellar; After dinner, he took them into garden, to shew them an ostrich; and among other strange qualities which appertained to that creature, he told them that it would digest iron. “Then, my lord, says Quin, I suppose it was he that swallowed the key of your lordship’s cellar.
Mr.

Mr. P——, the surgeon, being sent for to Mr. F-x, who had just received a slight wound in a duel, gave his servant orders to make haste home, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient turning pale, “Lord, sir, said he, I hope there is no danger!” “Yes, indeed, there is, answered the surgeon; for if the fellow does not set up a good pair of heels, the wound will heal before he returns.”

Dr. F——n, the quack, asked a waterman, whether he might safely go over the river, the fellow told him, Yes; but the doctor going down to the water-side and finding it very rough, “You watermen, said he, are the greatest knaves in the world; for, to gain sixpence you care not though you cast a man away.” “Doctor, we are men of cheaper function, and don’t ask so much for casting men away as you do.”

Mrs. D——, of Oxford-street, perceiving her maid to be with child, asked her who was the father of it, “Indeed, madam, replied the girl, my master.” “And where did he get it?” said Mrs. D——ton.” “In your chamber, madam, after you was gone to sleep;” And why did not you cry out?” “Indeed, madam, replied the other, I made no noise for fear of awaking you.”

Alderman Wool——e looking after a boy to wait on him, and not being able to get one readily, applied to Mrs. G——n, a neighbour of his saying, He wanted a little son of a whore for a

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footboy. "Heaven bless you, sir! says she, take my son, I'll answer for his being all you wish for."

A young lady in the Minories being at table where there was a sweat-meat called whitepot, which is a sort of custard pudding. The mistress of the house asked her how she liked it? "Oh, ma'am, answered she, I like whitepudding of all things, but I think the *stiffer* they are the *better*."

When the league was raging in France, a pious popish bishop told his countrymen, about two thousand soldiers that he was harranging, that the blessed Roman catholic religion, holy mother church, abhorred the *effusion of christian blood*; he therefore earnestly recommends them to be very careful to knock all their *protestant enemies on the head*.

Sir John Elliot, when about 45 years of age, was one day saying to a friend, that he had thoughts of marrying, and would look out for a girl about sixteen or seventeen. "For my part, said his friend, when I think of marrying, I will look out for a girl of *ten or eleven*." "Why so young as that,?" said Sir John. "Because I shall then be able to *content her with gingerbread*."

A very simple country girl came to live with Mr. Rich of Covent Garden theatre, when going sometimes to the door, she was frequently chid for saying her master was at home, when he had no mind

mind to see visitors; but Margery's country honesty would not suffer her to tell lies truly, which upon this occasion she did so awkwardly that her fellow servant Peter was ordered always to go to the door himself. Some Sundays after this regulation, Margery went to evening service at her parish church, when the parson took this text of scripture to preach from. "Ere the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice." As soon as Margery came home after church, down she flopped into the kitchen; where meeting with Peter, "Well, said she, you may go to bed, for your name is up; the devil a word of a lie is in it: some good friend of your's has told the parson of your denying my master, and he has talked of nothing else in his whole sermon."

Lady Gl—, daughter of Sir R. Carr, the mercer and wife of a city knight, shewing a new-house that Sir Richard had just built, it was much praised being in London, for two bits of ground which were attached to it both in front and rear. "Yes, yes, lady G. my husband knows my taste; *I love a yard both before and behind.*"

Sir Edward Walp—e, asked Lord Ch—field, when upwards of 70, who was his physician and apothecary, that he look'd so well at his time of life? " Sir Edward, replied Lord C——, my physician has always been a *horse*, and my apothecary, *an ass*.

George Alexander Stevens used to say, that al
K 2 sexes

sexes, ages, and conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational, were governed by the word *led*, and he proved it thus: "Our nobility and drunkards are pimp-*led*; physicians and pulses fee-*led*; their patients and oranges pil-*led*; a new married man and an ass are bride-*led*; an old married man and an pack-horse fad-*led*; cats and dice are rat-*led*; swine and noblemen are fly-*led*; a coquette and a tinder box are spark-*led*; and a lover and a blunderer are grove-*led*."

The presbyterians in Scotland have a particular method of wording the questions in the church catechism, the first is, "What is the chief end of man?" Doctor Geo. B——y, asking this of a woman, and at the same time putting his hand in his breeches, she told him he was jeering her; but he insisting upon an answer, "Good troth! says she; one may know well enough; 'tis your *water wand* you have in *your hand*."

A woman, whose name was Margaret, abused another of their ministers, instead of answering him. "Ah, Margaret, quoth he, you don't know where all the sinners go." "De'el tak them that kens, as weel as them that speers." "Ah, Margaret, they will go where there will be wailing and gnathing of teeth." By my saul, then, says Margaret, let them gnash that has them; for de'el a slump hae I had these twenty years."

Dr. A——, master of music, lived some years

years ago in one of the close lanes leading from the Strand, had his chamber directly fronting that of an Hibernian engraver, who lodged over the way. This engraver had a very pretty wife, and whenever her husband was out of the way, and the dame went to the window, the music master was sure to be at his post; and unbuttoning his breeches with great quickness, was ready to show her a certain member, which he thought, from the extraordinary size and position of it, she could not fail to be pleased with the sight of. This trade went on for some time, till at last the woman, who was a modest one, could bear it no longer. She ventured to tell her husband in as decent terms as she could, and begged he would take some method to prevent it. "By my soul, and that I will immediately, my dear jewel;" so seeing the musician at home, he whipped over to his lodgings; where being admitted upon a gentle tap at the door, "Don't be unazy, fir, at my paying you this visit; I'm am only come to spake two or three words wid you, and show an engraving tool I have. My spouse informs me, honey, that you are every now and then coming to the window and showing her all that you have; but she has sent me to tell you, *it won't do*; and unless you can produce greater, she has *much better goods at home.*"

Mr. Addington told Mr. Garrick, that the noise some affected patriots made about liberty was like the watchman's thumps at our doors.

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"a proof that the doors were fast, not that thieves were breaking in."

Sir F. Norton examining a witness in the court of King's Bench, was very much provoked at his swearing in the most positive manner to circumstances which appeared to all the people present not to have the least foundation in truth. At last, "My lord, says the counsel to the judge, this fellow is the most extraordinary witness I ever met with; he'll swear to a thing he never saw." "Why, so I will," says the fellow. "Look there, my lord," cried Sir Fletcher. "I said so; and what of all that?" replies the fellow; "I said that I would swear to a thing I never saw, and so I will; I'll swear you have got an a-se, and I never saw that in my life."

Dr. Graham, being of low extraction, and intending to set up his chariot, consulted with one of the kings at arms, who told him he was not intitled to any. Some time after, meeting with the same person, Graham said, "I have got a coat of arms on my chariot, notwithstanding what you told me." "And pray, what are your arms?" "Three combs." "Upon my life, very proper arms for such a tussy family."

Alderman Crof—y, appearing in mourning when no death in his family had been heard of, Mr. Harley asked him for whom he mourned? "For a small relation?" "Pray, what small relation?"

lation?" "Why, if you must know, my sister was with child, and she has *miscarried*."

A duke of Grafton, who had taken a mistress from the dregs of the people, conversing with Mr. Rigby, and mentioning his having had his pocket picked in the streets, said, "As to my state-papers, I don't regard them; but I have lost some letters from my mistress, which gives me a great deal of concern." "Indeed, said Mr. R——, you have reason to be uneasy, because it is to be feared the *pickpockets* may recollect the *hand of an old acquaintance*."

Lord Abing--n having some words with the present archbishop of Y--, in the house of peers, who is not descended from a lord's family, but has advanced himself by his great learning and abilities; Lord A. was highly offended with the manliness of the prelate's arguments, in replying to him, "You had best, said the *noble lord* with an angry countenance, remember your original." "I do remember it very well, answered the archbishop calmly; and am fully assured that had you been son to my father, you had at this time been a *swine herd*."

An alehouse girl took it in her head to be catechised at church. Parson Rider asking her her name. "Lord, sir! said she, how can you pretend not to know my name? when you come to our house so often, and cry *ten times* in an *evening*."

evening, Nan, you whore, bring us another full pot."

Lord Chancellor Northington, when any disagreeable petition was brought him to sign, after reading it, would say to the suitor, "What! you would have my hand to this, now?" and the party answering, "Yes, my lord," he would reply. "Well, so you shall; nay, you shall have both my hands to it;" and then would *with both his hands*, tear it to pieces.

Sir Joseph Banks being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, sir, sir, walk in; why don't you walk in, sir? What are you afraid of?" "*Being bit,*" replied Sir Joseph.

A certain duke was brought into Doctor's Commons for refusing to pay his Dutcheſſes's debts. He said that he could not afford it, and that he had given notice to his tradesmen. "Poh! says the Doctor; don't tell one that; those that will keep a *monkey*, must pay for the *glasse* it breaks."

"I want a woman, says Charles Fox;" "Why dont you marry?" replied Mr. Burke. "Read Croxall's *Æſop's* fables, said Mr. Fox; and they will tell you the *frogs* had a great mind for *some water*; but they would not leap into the *well*, because they could not get out again."

Master Tommy Gr——n, who is a little weak in his understanding, wanted to lye with his grand-

grandmother; and when his father reproved him, "You lye with *my mother*," said he, and why should not I *lye with your's*?"

Some officers were talking of the promotions of some colonels that were made general officers, which the King had made the day before. Well, said Colonel Burgoyne, "if I am not yet a general, I am of what the *wood* generals are made of;" "yet, sir," replied the late Lord Delawar, and when you are made one, I dare swear you will be a *wooden general* indeed."

Sir George Y—ge, just came off a journey, found means to get to the Pantheon, accoutred in boots and spurs, and a whip in his hand; Mr. Fox immediately making up to him, told him, "he was glad to see him in the Pantheon, but begged leave to remind him of a piece of neglect which he had been guilty of;" "what is that Charles?" "Why, sir George, I see you have got your boots, spurs, and whip, but you have unfortunately left your horse behind."

Admiral Keppell presenting a young gentleman of his acquaintance to a lady H—; madam, said he, "this is a friend of mine; the son of Mr. Berkley, and he is not so great a fool as he looks to be.—Madam, replied young B—, there lies the difference between *him* and *me*."

Parson B—te, was overturned in a hackney coach once very near his lodgings in Surrey-street,

street, and being on his legs again, he said it was the greatest piece of Providence that ever befell him; for it had saved him the trouble of bilking the coachman.

Lady Stan — e, lady of the late Sir W. Stan—pe, having generally a pretty many intrigues upon her hands; not taking her brother Lord Chesterfield's extravagant passion for gaming, "asked him when he designed to leave off gaming?" when you *cease loving*, said he; then replied the lady S——pe, "you are like to continue a gamester as long as you live."

When the Duke of G—fton was first Lord of the Treasury, he was very unpopular, on account of the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes, meeting with Mr. Sheriff Lee, in one of the Courts at Westminster, with whom he had promised to dine a little time before, endeavouring to excuse himself for not dining with the Sheriff; he said, "but Mr. Lee, whereabouts do you live? I should have eat a little mutton with you before now, had I known where your house was." "Oh! my Lord Duke, it stands very near the sign of the axe on Towerhill, where thousands as well as me, will be glad to see you."

Quin, travelling to Birmingham with Mr. Garrick and Mr. Foote, they stopt and slept at Stratford, at Mr. Pay—n's, who made heavy complaints whilst they were at supper, of being pestered, nay, devoured with rats. The next day
after

after dinner, a bill was called, which was found to be very exorbitant, and even by Quin, who said to the landlord; if you will give me a couple of bottles of claret, I will communicate to you an infallible receipt to get rid of your rats. The landlord eagerly accepted the offer, the wine being drank, and Quin being upon the point of departing with his company, when the landlord observed he forgot his promise of the *receipt* to get rid of the rats: Egad you are right, says Quin, but it is not yet too late, as the remedy is mighty simple; shew them but this bill which you gave me, and I'll be damn'd if they will ever set foot here again."

Lord Shel—ne, being under the hands of a political barber, who was shaving his head, the tonfor was entertaining him with an account of the war in America, and giving him a description of Charles-town, till growing very tedious in his operations, Lord Shel—ne said, I hope Mr. Barber, that you are not *drawing* a map of the province of Carolina upon my head with your razor."

Mr. Lutworth, a Quaker, giving his evidence before the Court of Common Pleas, made frequent use of the words, *also*, and *likewise*; pray, said Lord L—gh, "why do you vary these words so often, have they not both the same signification?" No truly, said the Quaker, "their meaning is very different, as for example, Mr.
G—

G—— is a judge upon this bench, thou art one *also*, but not *likewise*."

The Duke of Rich—d said, that the late riots were headed by a Scotchman, whose brother ruined his sister; an old Highlander replied, "my Lord Duke, you lie—— under a mistake, it was your sister that ruined Lord G. G—n's brother."

Mrs. Macaulay said, that Alfred House at Bath, was haunted by a spirit; Mr. Garrick asked the lady, "what kind of a spirit? for, says he, the *Doctor* by this time has little spirits but what you can soon tame in a few minutes."

Mr. Garrick being in company with Voltaire (the Smollet of France) the discourse turned upon the different disorders incident to human nature; Voltaire among other remarks said, "that he believed the fistula of the bum was first known in France." And how the duce could that be, says Garrick? "the fistula is said to arise from a cold in the posteriors, but it is well known the French always turn their *backsides* to the fire of *their enemies*."

Mr. Foote going through Stepney Churchyard, saw these words inscribed on a tombstone, *to remain till called for*, took out his pencil and wrote underneath "stay there and be d—d."

Some

Some few years ago, when Mr. Ross (the player, was a young man) he happened to be in the stage box of one of the theatre's royal, Nancy Dawson came on the stage, he addressed her in a free manner, saying, "on my soul Nancy, you look charmingly to-night." The lady made no answer, but immediately gave him a slap on the face; fired with resentment, at such a piece of impoliteness, he did not know how to revenge himself; he considered she was a woman—and yet to receive a blow in public.—However, he soon recovered from his confusion, and stepping up to the lady, took her round the waist and fairly turned her upon her head, then gently setting her on *her legs again*, he bowed to the audience, saying, "my countrymen will, I hope, be satisfied that it was not a *man* who struck him."

Mr. Garrick used frequently to banter Sir Charles Bun—ry, who was suspected of *insufficiency*, who meeting Mr. G. one day, said to him with an air of great satisfaction; "now where's your jokes about *manhood*, there is my Lady Bun—ry, just brought to bed of a fine chopping boy." Dear sir, replied Mr. G. "your lady's abilities were never called in question."

Mr. Colman expressing his surprize that Sir Joshua R—ds, the celebrated painter, could paint such pretty faces in pictures and yet get such ordinary children. "Oh! sir, replied Mr. Gar-

L

rick,

rick, *he makes pictures by day-light, and gets his children in the dark.*

When Dr. Grah-m, about his seventeenth year, first paid his address to Mrs. Macaulay, the female historian, upwards of forty, it was remarked, that the young doctor was a great duellist. Then says Mr. Wilkes, "the match will be the more apropos, for the lady *has killed her man.*"

† Though Mr. Foote's behaviour to the ladies was in general polite, he would sometimes make complaisance give way, when he had an opportunity of saying a good thing. Mrs. Macaulay, one day asking him his opinion of *patching*—Oh! madam, said he, *patch* by all means, but wear only one, and let it be a *mask*.

Mr. Fox said the word *wanton* signified to *want one* to satisfy our desires; if it were so, replied Mr. Sheridan 'the word would be obsolete for while there are *woman* in the world, men will not *want one*.'

A little poem, called an Ode to a Scold, being handed about last winter, and much talked of, a certain patriotic little bookseller, at the west end of the town, expressed a great desire of having a copy of it; poh, poh, says Mr. Ch---ill, "why should you want a copy? step but home to your own house, and you may see the *original*."
Mr.

Mr. King sent his servant to fetch the tragedy of Oedipus King of Thebes, from off the table in his bed chamber, the man came back, and said "he could find no such thing as Obediah King of the Bees," why you stupid fool, says Mr. King, "*you deserve to have your bones broke for being such a drone.*"

Lady Arch---r, one day told Mr. Foote, that she had the night before a most shocking dream, which was, that he was in bed with her, and that she was near *fainting away* at the very thought. Oh! madam, replied he, "for heaven's sake fulfill your vision, and give me *entrance* to your chamber to-night." No, replies the lady, I should then *swoon* in earnest.

In a conversation between Lady B. and Lord Mans---d, the former said, "she wondered how Lady W--- and her Lord lived so unhappily, since he was a man of real merit, and she a lady of strict virtue, and you know, my lord, that a virtuous woman, is a crown to her husband." Ay, madam, replies he, "but the brightest jewel in his crown, *good temper* is unfortunately lost."

Lady F. Con---y, having a little dispute with Mr. Garrick, told him, by way of joke, "that if he did not give up the argument, she would put him in her *patch-box*." Madam, replied Mr. G. "you are at full liberty to do so, and should

you condescend to use *me* as a patch, I beg you will flick me upon *your lips*.

A young *cub*, who had been in France, and was extremely desirous of letting every body know, that he understood the language of that country, meeting Mr. Col—n one morning, bid him *bon jour*; says Mr. Colman, “I generally have a pretty good morning of it—for I always avoid the coffee houses where there is any danger of meeting you.”

Mr. D. H—y, a very talkative member of the last parliament, boasting “that he had been instructed in the *art of speaking*, by the celebrated Quin.” Sir, said Mr. Courtenay, “this assembly would have thought themselves more highly obliged to that gentleman, if he had taught you the *art of holding your tongue*.”

The following appeared some little time ago in a morning paper.

Advertisement I.

SIGNIOR Florentini having taken into consideration the many inconveniences which attend the method of hair dressing formerly used by himself, and still practised by M. St. Laurent, humbly proposes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis, his new method of *flaccoing* the head in the most fashionable taste, to last with very
little

little repair during the whole session of parliament. Price only five guineas.

FLORENTINI.

N. B. He takes but one hour to build up the head, and two for baking it.

Answer by St. Laurent.

WHEREAS dere have appear vone scandalous advertisement of signor Florentini, moch reflexion on Mr. St. Laurent's capacitie for hair-dressing; he defy said signor Florentini to tell any inconvenience dat do attend his methode, oderwise he shall consider said Florentini as boutefeu and calumniateur.

ST. LAURENT.

Advertisement II.

Florentini, who was not so good at English as the other, replies by his interpreter:

WHEREAS Mr. St. Laurent has challenged signor Florentini to produce an instance where his (St. Laurent's) method of hair dressing is inconvenient to the ladies; he begs to observe, that three rows of iron pins thrust into the skull, will not fail to cause a constant itching, a sensation that must distort the features of the face, and disable it so, that a lady by degrees may lose the use of her face; besides the immense quantity of pomatum and powder laid on for a gen-

teel dressing, will after a week or two breed mites a circumstance very disagreeable to gentlemen who do not love cheese; and also affords a foetid smell not to be endured. From which, and other objections too tedious to mention, signor Florentini apprehends his new method is entirely free, and will admit of no reasonable exception whatever.

FLORENTINI.

St. Laurent replies:

HAH! hah! hah! dere is no objekshion den to signor Florentini's way of frizing de hare of fine ladie? I shall tell him von, two, tree. In de fourtt place, he no consider, dat his stuccow will be crack, and he break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are so subject; and dat two hour baking vill spoil de komplekshon, and hort de eyes. And as to his scandaleuse aspershon, dat my method breed a de mite, so odious to gentlemen who do not love cheese, I say it is false and malicious; and to make good vat I do say, I do invite all gentlemen of qualitie to examine de head of de Countesse of Dunhoff (vat I had de honeur to dress four weeks ago) next Monday at twelve o'clock, thro' Mr. Adams's great microscope, and see if dere be any mite dere or oder ting like de mite vateer.

N. B. Any gentleman may smell her ladyship's head ven he please, either by day or night.

The

The controversy ended in a duel, but no hurt; as the combatants behaved like Flash and Fribble but whatever was the cause, it is certain the monstrous fashion soon ceased; and in a few months the ladies recovered their natural proportion, and became a piece of themselves.

To the honourable Commissioners of the Excise.

The humble petition of Patrick O'Conner, Blaney O'Bryan, and Carney Macquire; to be appointed inspectors and overlookers (vulgarly called excisemen) for the port of Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland.

AND whereas we your aforesaid petitioners, will both by night and by day, and all night and all day, and we will come and go, and walk and ride, and take and bring, and send and fetch and carry, and we will see all, seize all, and more than all, and every thing and nothing at all, of all such goods and commodities as may be, and can be, and cannot be, liable to pay duty.

And we your aforesaid petitioners will at all times, and at no time, and times past, be present and absent; and be backwards and forwards, and behind and before, and be no where and every where, and here and there, and no where at all.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, will come and inform, and give information and notice,
duly

duly and truly, wisely and honestly, according to the matter as we know and don't know, and by the knowledge of ourselves, and every one and no one; and we will not rob the king any more than is now lawfully practised.

And we your aforesaid petitioners, and we are protestants, are gentlemen of reputation, and we love the king, and we value him, and we will fight for him and against him, and we will run for him and from him, to serve him or any of his family and acquaintance, as far and as much farther as lies in our power, dead or alive, as long as we live.

Witness our several and separate hands in conjunction, and one and all three of us both together.

Patrick O'Conner.

Blaney O'Bryan.

Carney Macquire.

The SPEECH of the Prince of Quacks, half Brother to Sow—rige the Pope Alderman and to Kate the Historian, addressed to the company in the Adelphi.

GENTLEMEN, I Doctor Grahamibus high German doctor, chymist and denturcator native of Arabia Deserta, citizen and burgomaster of the city of Brandipolis, seventh son of a seventh son, unborn doctor, of about sixty years experience;

ence; having studied over Galen, Hypocrates, Albumazar and Parcellius, am now become the Esculapius of this age: having been educated at twelve universities, and travelled through fifty two kingdoms, and been counsellor to the counsellors of several monarchs, natural son of the wonder-working chymical doctor, signior Sadlero, lately arrived from the farthest part of Utopia, famous throughout all Asia, Africa, Europe and America, from the sun's oriental exaltation to his occidental declination: out of meer pity to my own dear self and languishing mortals, have by the earnest prayers and entreaties of several lords, earls, dukes and honourable personages, been at last prevailed upon to oblige the world with this notice. That all persons young or old, blind or lame, deaf or dumb, curable or incurable, may know where to repair for cure, in all cephalalgias, paralytic paroxysms, palpitations of the pericardium, empyemas, syncopes and nasteties, arising either from a plethory or a cacochymy, vertiginous vapours, hydiocephalus, dysenterys, odontalgic or podagrical inflammations, iliac passions, ictèrical effusions, exanthemata, the hen pox, the hog pox, the whores pox and the small pox, the ascites, tympanites, Anasarca, and the entire legion of lethiferous distempers.

Imprimis, Gentlemen, I have a never-failing styptic, corroborating, odoriferous, anodinous, balsamic balsam of balsams, made of dead mens fat, rosin and goose grease; which infallibly

re-

restores lost maidenheads, raises demolished noses, witness Ad. K. and by its absterfve cosmetic quality, preserves superannuated bawds from wrinkles.

Item. I have the true carthramopkra of the tripple kingdom, my never failing heliogenes, being the tincture of the sun, deriving vigour, influence and dominion from the same light: it causes all complexions to laugh or smile, at the very same time of taking it: is seven years in preparing, and being compleated, secundem artem, by fermentation, cohobation, calcination, sublimation, fixation, philtration, circulation and quidlibitification, in balneo mariæ, crucible and fixatory, the athanor, cucurbita and reverberatory, is the only soveraign medicine in the world.

This is nature's palladium, health's magazine; it works seven manner of ways, in order as nature herself, requires, for it scorns to be confined to any particular way of operations; so that it effecteth the cure, either hypnotically, hydrotically, cathartically, poppismatically, hydrogogically, pneumatically, or synechdochically: it mundifies the hypogastrium, wipes off absterfively those tenacious conglomerated sedimental fordes that adhere to the œsophagus and viscera: extinguishes all supernatural fermentations and ebullitions, and in fine, annihilates all nosotrophical morbidic ideas of the whole coporeal compages. A dram of it is worth a bushel of Marchdust: for if a man chance to have his brains beat out, or his head chopped off, two drops

drops [I say] two drops, gentlemen, seasonably applied, will recall the heeting spirits, reinthroned the deposed archeus, cement the discontinuity of the parts, and in six minutes restores the lifeless trunk to all its pristine functions, vital, natural, and animal; so that this, believe me gentlemen is the only soveraign remedy in the world.

I have the chiefest antepudenda gragran specific in *Venus's* regalia, which infallibly cures the *French pox*, with all its train of gonorrheas, buboes and shankers, carnosities, phymosis, paraphymosis, chrystalline, priapismus, caudalomata and ragades, without baths and stoves, and that with as much pleasure as the same was contracted; so that it's worth any persons while to get this modish distemper once a fortnight, if it be to be had for love or money, to enjoy the benefit of so diverting a remedy.

I have the panchymagogon of *Hermes Trismegistus*, an incomparable spagyric tincture of the moon's horns, which is the only infallible antidote against the contagion of cuckoldom.

Besides my *Verfumigus Pulvis*, or antivermatal worm conquering powder, so famous for destroying all the sorts of them, incident to human bodies, breaking their complicated knots in the duodenum, and dissolving the phlegmatic crudities that produce these authropohagous vermine: it hath brought away worms by urine, as long as the Monument, when it flourished

flourished in its primitive prolixity, though I confess not altogether so thick.

Look ye, gentlemen, I have it under the hands and seals of all the greatest Sultans, Sophys, Bashaws, Viziers, Lords of the Treasury, Musti's, &c. in Christendom, to verraticate the truth of my operations, that I have actually performed such cures as are really beyond human abilities.

I cured John Wilkes's godmother, to the great admiration of all the court of aldermen of a stupendous dolor, about the Os Sacrum, so that the lady really feared the perdition of her huckle bone; I did it by fomenting her posteriors with a mummy of nature, alias called Pilgrim's salve, mixed up with the spirit of mugwort, tartaragraphed thro' an alembic of chrilline transfluency.

Thence I was sent for to Sultan Gilgon, Despote of Bosnia, who was violently afflicted with the spasms, he came to meet me three hundred leagues in a Go-cart, but I gave him so speedy an acquittance of his Dolor, that the next night I caused him to dance a Vestris with slipflaps and fomerfets.

I restored virility and the comforts of generation to above one hundred and fifty eunuchs in the Grand Seigneur's Seraglio, and by a pair of prolific pills, lately caused a vintner's widow, who had been barren all her days, to conceive of
a man

a man child in the twelfth lustre of her age, without the help of her husband.

I cured likewise the Dutchess of B——t, of a cramp in her tongue, and the Count de Effingham, corrept with an iliac passion, contracted by eating buttered parsnips.

I also cured an Alderman of Grand Cairo, who had been sick seven years of the plague, in forty six minutes: and by the like empyrical remedies, I lately cured Duke A——e, of a dropfy, of which he died.

Lady Townsh—d being at the play of the Hypocrite, in which there are several Latin sentences, she applied to that fribble of a soldier, Col. H——n, who was sitting behind her, for an explanation. He said it was dog Latin and that *he could not explain it*. It is strange indeed, replied her Ladyship, *that a puppy should not understand his own language*.

The Bristol election being the subject of conversation at the Oxford Coffee-house in the Strand, what cries Mr. Grattan, a gentleman of Ireland, are we to think of the Commons of England, when Mr. Burke, the best Speaker in the House is *not* of the House? "Think, replies Mr. Tickell, why you are to think that St. George has got the better of St. Patrick, and that it is time for you Irishmen to get home, look after you *potatoes and butter-milk*."

A native of Hanover was saying to Mr. Gar-
M rick

rick one day, he wished he was in his *own dear country again*. You may well call it a dear country, replied Mr. Garrick, for *Mr. Pitt made it cost old England three times more than its worth.*

BEAUTIES of POETRY,

BY

Mr. GARRICK and other WITS.

The CURIOUS BRIDE.

BRIDES in all countries have been reckon'd,
 For the first night timid and coolish;
 If they continue to the second,
 They always have been reckon'd foolish.

The reason's obvious and plain :
 In many nice and ticklish cases,
 There's much to lose, and nought to gain,
 By affectation and grimaces.

A bride-

A bridegroom on the second night,
Whipt off the bed-cloaths in surprise :
" Behold, my dear, said he, a sight
Enough to make your choler rise."

She turn'd away as red as scarlet
Whilst he continued, " Pray, behold !
Lay hands on that outrageous varlet,
That looks so impudent and bold ;

This is the fifteenth time in vain,
He has been sent to jail and fetter'd ;
But there's no prison can contain
A prison breaker like Jack Sheppard."

The bride turn'd round, and took her place,
After some studying and thinking ;
Said she, re-covering her face,
Tho' modesty still kept her winking ;

In vain the vagabond's committed,
And to hard work and labour sent,
If you his keeper are outwitted,
By his pretending to repent,

You treat him ruggedly and hard,
Whilst any insolence appears ;
But you're disarm'd, and off your guard,
The moment that he falls in tears.

Now you must know that I suspect
A fellow-feeling in some shape ;
Or else you would not, thro' neglect,
Let him continually escape.

I'll lend no hand, unless you'll swear,
 That you'll deliver him to me,
 And suffer me to keep him there,
 'Till I consent to set him free."

To a LADY fond of the Game of Quadrille.

TO Cards she is so very a slave,
 That when Death calls her soul from the land,
 Should three but sit to quadrille on her grave,
 She would rise with the vole in her hand.

A POT-BELLY'D Justice, who thought a
 good feast

The best thing this world could afford,
 Commanded his cook for that day's repast,
 A surgeon to serve to his board.

Three parts of the fish he dispatch'd with such
 speed,

That one scarcely can credit the tale ;
 And had not sickness prevented the deed,
 This Jonas had ate up the whole.

The Doctor arrives—and with countenance sad,
 Assures him assistance is vain ;
 And to tell him the truth, his complaint was so
 bad,

He wou'd ne'er eat surgeon again."

If 'tis so, quoth the justice, what signifies care ?
 And now I have only one wish ;
 That as you're convinc'd there's no time to spare
 You will send me the rest of my fish."

On

On Lady B—D—T TOL—HE.

SAID Bridget to Will. I'm told you're a poet;
If 'tis false, contradict; if 'tis true pr'ythee
show it:

For a subject take me; call me handsome, divine;
The matter they'll like, should they not like
the line.

"So I would, reply'd Will; but I fear, my fair
lady,

That *matter* has too oft been handl'd already."

ENIGMA. *Written by Mr. Garrick.*

GUESS, gentle Lady, if you can,
A thing that's wondrous common,
What almost ev'ry well-bred man
Presents to ev'ry woman.

A thing with which you've often play'd,
Between your thumb and finger;
Yet if too frequent use be made,
'Twill spoil you for a finger.

'Tis what weak dames and old abuse,
And sometimes hurts the stronger;
In short, 'tis rhetoric lovers use,
When they can talk no longer,

At first, perhaps, it made you weep,
And put you in strange taking;
But now when you're inclin'd to sleep,
It only keeps you waking.

'Tis physic or diversion now,
 Just as you're pleas'd to make it
 Raises the spirits, if they're low,
 And tickles, when you take it.

Solution. By Miss Aikin.

TO guess your riddle; gallant Sir,
 Four dames in council sat,
 So various their opinions were,
 That long was the debate.

One said, 'twas Music play'd with skill,
 That caus'd all this emotion;
 Another thought it was a pill,
 A third it was a potion.

The fourth amazed was to hear
 The ladies talk such stuff;
 Shew'd them the thing was very clear,
 And took—a pinch of snuff.

On Lord North's intended Tax on BRICKS.

By a WELCHMAN.

INDEED, my Lord North, if you play us
 such tricks,
 Our wives will be breaking our bones;
 For should you succeed in your tax upon bricks,
 You will next lay a tax upon stones.

On

*On the Marriage of Mr. LONG to Miss
BROAD.*

WELL! what shall we say to this marriage
to odd?

For many old Hymen has pickl'd a rod;
But he smiles on this wedding, which cannot
be wrong,

When 'tis Long as 'tis Broad, and Broad as 'tis
Long.

*On the Imprisonment of Williams and Two other
Printers at the Instigation of Charles Fox.*

CHARLES's vigilance makes full amends for
poor Stephen,

He's a sly, wary, crafty young Fox,
With printers and devils he surely is even,
He has three of them now in the stocks.

*On seeing the Pictures of Lady Townshend and
her Sisters, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

I THOUGHT the Graces were but three,
To wit, Montgom'ry, Gardner, Townshend,
But Reynolds, thy bright art, I see,
To those three Beauties gives a thousand.

*On Lady Bridget Tollem—e's refusing to repeat
part of the Matrimonial Vow after the Clergyman.*

LADY Bridget at church on the conjugal day,
After—cherish—love—mutter'd—bey.

For

For clipping this word, it came into her head,
She was bound to perform—only what she had
said,

The parson, quite orthodox, vow'd he wou'd
hear

O—bey spoken out quite distinct and clear ;

Till Toll'm—e interposing, cry'd, " Pray, let
it go,

For ere the night pass, I will make her cry O !

EPIGRAM *from* MARTIAL.

MILO's from home, and Milo being gone,

His land bears nothing—but his wife a son.

Why the so fruitful, and so bare the field ?

The land lay fallow—but the wife was till'd.

To the FAIR SEX.

Dress up a man that's tall and fair

Like any pretty mills ;

Which of your sex would first declare,

She long'd that man to kiss ?

Just so, when women dress like boys,

Th' attractive power is gone ;

Their sex forgot, and all its joys,

When once our cloaths are on.

Those who would take the marriage vow,

This lesson sure it teaches ;

That girls in coats and waistcoats now,

Will one day wear the breeches.

From

From Nature and from Beauty's line,
Your sex has strangely err'd ;
That dress which is not feminine,
Must always be absurd.

*Addressed to the late Dutches of Queensbury.
By Judge Burnet.*

MAY I presume, in humble lays,
My dancing Fair, thy steps to praise ?
While this grand maxim I advance,
That all the world is but a—dance ;
The human kind, both man and woman,
Do dance, is evident and common.
David himself, that god-like king,
We know could dance as well as sing ;
Folks who at court would keep their ground,
Must dance the year attendance round ;
Whole nations dance ; gay frisking France
Has led the English many a dance ;
And some believe both France and Spain
Resolve to take us out again.
All Nature is one ball we find,
The water dances to the wind.
The sea itself, at night and noon,
Rises, and capers to the moon.
The moon around the earth doth tread,
A Cheshire round in buxom red.
The earth and planets round the sun
Dance, nor will their dance be done,
'Till Nature in one mass is blended ;
Then we may say—the ball is ended.

EPI.

EPIGRAM, on a late Lord Mayor.

WATKIN does vow, nay does swear,
He'll dance with none but what are fair;
"Suppose we women should dispense;
"Our hands to none but men of sense!"
"Suppose! — well, madam, and what then?"
"Why Sir, you'd never dance again."

*Epigram, by a Gentleman of more wit than good
manners; addressed to Miss C—S— of Harley-
Street.*

WHAT a rout Miss you make, about Joseph's
hard trial,
Who knows? there might not be so much self-
denial,
Had I in his place been, the Devil might have
kiss'd her,
Had Potipher's wife been like you or your sister;

*On the Report of "Miss F—n, the celebrated
Actress being about to retire to the Oaks with
Lord D—y.*

WHY charming Miss F—n, such haste
to be gone,
Why fly from the town in a hurry,
'Tis too soon at your years to play *Darby* and
Joan,

And

And retire to the county of Surry,
'Tis not love, but ambition if rightly I ween

You expect to be Countess——*pate-tre* :
Or at least, to exhibit that charming scene,
A new MAID, and a new Fete Champetre.
Ah! think now and then on your poor Charles
Fox,

When of Love you are taking your Fill-o;
For whilst you are revelling under the Oaks,
Your Charles sweeps under the Willow.

To the facetious Memory of Mr.——,
Who was Taylor and Musician to the Theatre
Royal, Drury-lane.

By Mr.——.

FIDDLERS and Taylors, here your Chief is
laid,
Who flourish'd at his work, but better
played
His faith and fiddle true, his measure right,
His goose was heavy, but his heart was light,
His only care was ev'ry day to mend,
Then sure we need not doubt his latter end;
So let him rest like fiddle in a case,
His thread of life is cut his strings at peace.

The

THE MISER. AN EPIGRAM.

IRON is his chest, iron is his door,
Iron his hand, and his heart is more:

AN ANECDOTE.

AS Foote and Wilkes one day went out
To view the country round,
In merry mood, they chatt'ring stood,
Hard by the village pound.
Wilkes from his *pouch* a shilling took,
And said, "I'll lay a penny,
In this same place, before your face
I'll make this piece a guinea."
Upon the ground, within the pound
The shilling soon was thrown;
You see, says Wilkes, the thing's made out,
For there is one pound one.
I wonder not, says Foote, that thought
Should in your head be form'd,
For 'tis this way, your debts you pay,
One *shilling* in the pound.

A Description of a Country Session.

Three or four parsons full of October,
Three or four 'squires between drunk and sober
Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars,
Three or four constables, three or four cryers;
Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
Three or four writings, and three or four seals.
Three

Three or four bastards, and three or four whores,
 Tag rag and bob-tail, by three or four scores.
 Three or four rumbulls, and three or four cows,
 Three or four orders, and three or four—bows:
 Three or four old statutes not understood,
 Three or four paupers all praying for food.
 Three or four roads that never were mended,
 Three or four scolds, and the sessions is ended.

INTRODUCTORY to the CELESTIAL BEDS.

Sung in the Character of the Doctor's Porter.

YE Strangers and Natives to our exhibition,
 Air, magnets and harmony quickly repair,
 Five shillings alone is the price of admission

To our apparatus so brilliant and rare ;

Come, come, to the temple

And try but the sample,

The Doctor himself has the honour to shew,

Come see,

Where electricity,

Tickles you all from the top to the toe.

The art of enjoying health, spirit and vigour,

A previous oration will fully display,

You'll soon become wiser and taller and bigger,

If you will believe all the doctor can say :

Each lass shall find honour,

And bliss pour'd upon her,

And all by means which his wisdom can shew.

Come see, &c.

N

A bed

134 GARRICK'S JESTS.

A bed that's celestial to bodies terrestrial,
 That warmly inculcates its wonderful use,
 Bring children like giants, that set at defiance,
 The pigmies that Nature alone can produce ;
 Your feelings are such,
 From its delicate touch,
 With pleasure and charms universal ye glow,
 Come see, &c.

Health, honour and happiness all are the pro-
 duce,
 Of beds so celestial, it plainly appears,
 They strengthen your minds, full as well as
 your bodies.
 And make you exist for an hundred years,
 Then come to the temple,
 And try but the sample,
 The doctor himself hath the honour to shew ;
 Come see,
 Where electricity,
 Tickles ye all from the top to the toe.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

By Mr. SHERIDAN.

HERE's to the maid of bashful fifteen ;
 Likewise to the widow of fifty,
 Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
 Here's

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And likewise to her that has none, fir,
 Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
 And to her that has only but one, fir,
 Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
 And to her that's brown as a berry.
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And here's to the girl that is merry!

Let her be clumsy, or let her be thin,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather,
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 And e'en let us toast them together.

HE'S AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry any man but Sawney o'er the
 lee,

I winna ha' the domine for good he canna be,
 But I will ha' my Sawney lad, my Sawney o'er
 the lee,

For he's aye kissing, kissing me, aye a kissing me.

I will not ha' the minister, for all his godly
 books,

Nor yet will I the lawyer ha' for all his wily
 crooks,

I will not ha' the ploughman lad, nor yet will
 I the miller,

But I will ha' my Sawney lad without a penny
 filler.

For he's a kissing, &c.

I winna ha' the soldier lad, because he goes to
the war,
I winna ha' the sailor lad, because he smells of
tar,
I will not ha' Lord nor Laird for all their mickle
geer;
But I will ha' my Sawney lad, my Sawney o'er
the mer.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

BE merry and wise, is a proverb of old,
But a maxim so good can't too often be told;
Then attend to my song, nor my council de-
spise,
For I mean to be merry, I mean to be merry,
I mean to be merry, I mean to be merry, but
merry and wise.

Ye bucks who when toping such rapture ex-
press,
And yet find the next day dismal proofs of
excess.

Avoid all extremes and mark well my advice,
'Tis to drink and be merry—but merry and
wise.

In women all lovely is center'd each bliss;
But let prudence give sanction 'twill sweeten
the kiss,

If

If beauty or folly your senses surprise,
You may kiss and be merry—but merry and
wife.

Then ye toppers and rakes who wou'd lead
happy lives,
All excesses avoid and chuse modest wives :
While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,
Love and drink and be merry—but merry and
wife.

THERE ARE WOMEN AS ARTFUL AS THEY.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain,
The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain,
I'll tease them and vex them,
I'll plague and perplex them,
Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
I'll shew them a woman's as artful as they.

Young Damon pursu'd me and Strephon vain
youth,

They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of
truth,

They knelt and they trembled,

I smil'd and dissembled ;

I saw all their arts were but meant to betray,
And prov'd there were women as artful as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, my council believe
Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive ;

Their canting and whining,

Their sighing and pining,

Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray,

Then prove there are women as artful as they.

THE CHEATS APOLOGY.

Sung by Mr. VERNON.

LOOK round the wide world, each profession
 you'll find,
 Hath something dishonest which misery they
 call;
 Each knave points at others, at home he's stark
 blind,
 Except but his own there's a cheat in them all.
 When tax'd with impostor the charge he'll
 evade,
 And like Falstaff pretend he but lives by his
 trade.

2.

The statesman who steers by wise Machiavel's
 rules,
 Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face,
 They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous
 fools,
 And breach of his promise he counts no dis-
 grace;
 But policy calls it reproach to evade;
 For flattery's his province, cajoling his trade.

3.

The lawyer as off on the wrong side as right,
 Who tortures for fee the true sense of the laws
 While black he by sophistry proves to be white
 And falsehood and perjury lists in his cause;
 With steady assurance all blame will evade,
 His clients his care, and he follows his trade.

Since

4.

Since then in all stations impostors are found,
 No one of another can justly complain,
 The coin he receives will pass current around
 And when he is cozen'd he cozens again,
 And I who for cheats this apology made,
 Cheat the world with a song, for singing's my
 trade.

*A Song in praise of his Royal Highness, Prince
 William Henry, Lieutenant aboard of a Man
 of War.*

THE foes old England (France, Holland and
 Spain)

Made bold by indulgence insulted the main,
 The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,
 And at England, old England their vengeance
 they hurl'd ;

When Neptune arose from his watery throne,
 In a coral clad suit, he most beautiful shone,
 He call'd for his Tritons and bid them repair,
 To the court of great GEORGE, for young Wil-
 liam was there,

He's Royal, he's Noble and chosen by me,
 This isle to protect and reign Prince of the sea.

2.

O'erjoy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his
 head

I'll fight like a Prince were the words that he said,
 The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,
 To the sea I am wedded and give her my vows,
 With

With Rodney, with Digby, with Lockhart I'll
 go,
 And die, but I'll conquer each insolent foe :
 The Tritons reported the words that he said,
 And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then
 paid :
 He's Royal, he's Noble and chosen by me,
 Briton's isle to protect and reign Prince of the
 sea.

3.
 The Don's they have felt the effect of his rage;
 No more with blood Royal they'll dare to en-
 gage :

For he stood on the deck with his naked broad
 sword

And by the bold Digby he passed the word.
 Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,
 When one noble ship was blown up in the air.
 His courage gives rapture to each jolly tar,
 Who look on Prince William their bulwark in
 war.

He's Royal, he's Noble and chosen to be,
 The guard of this isle and the Prince of the sea.

EPITAPH ON MRS. NOTT.

Not born, *not* dead, *not* christen'd, *not* begot ;
 Lo ! here she lies, that was, and that was *not* ;
 She was born, baptized, is dead, and what is
 more,

Was in her life, *not* honest, nor a whore !

Reader

Reader behold ! a wonder rarely wrote !
And whilst thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Not*.

PARISH TYTHES.

The parson of a pleasant village,
Who had other tythes beside that of tillage ;
Being in a merry mood one day,
Thus to his clerk did gravely say ;
Uriah, I am told thou art
A fornicating clerk at heart :
Now if thou'lt own the dames thou'st kist,
I'll tell the honestly all my list,
With all my soul, the clerk replies,
Old Nick take him the first that lies.
To prove their worth they early go,
Each takes his desk — and as each doe
Comes into church, he who has known
The lady gay, or fair or brown,
Must stroke his chin, and call out *hem* ;
And t'other must reply, *amen*.
The clerk thus leaning on his psalms,
The parson without any qualms,
Lolls on his bible, watching keen,
To hem at the first lady seen ;
The 'squire's wife, demure and sly,
Enters the first, the Parsons eye
Fixes on her—he *hems*, another
Supporting her aged mother,
Attracts the parson's quick attention ;
Twice he *hem'd*—I shall not mention
The qualities and generous faces,
Of all the parson's village graces ;

Suffice

Suffice it then, to say eleven
 Came in, he hem'd—the clerk said *heav'n*,
 Twelve hems—Uriah cried—O! *Lord*.
 Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one,
 He hem'd—the clerk cried thou'rt a rare one.
 At length quite pretty sleek and slim,
 The parson's own dear wife came in,
 The parson hem'd—the clerk hem'd too,
 Zounds! cries the priest, that can't be true;
 Not true! why not? you may condemn,
 But Old Nick have me but 'tis a *hem*.

Tom Weston's Epitaph on his first Wife.

Here lies my wife, here let her lie,
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.

THE ORANGE WENCH.

AS leering black-ey'd play-house Sal,
 A plump and forward wench,
 With basket hanging on her arm,
 Was tripping o'er each bench;
 In notes so shrill, her trade she cried,
 To tempt the beaux and belles,
 Must ye have some oranges or chips,
 Or else some *nonparells*.

Young Fox observed the squalling nymph,
 And as she scud'd by,
 He seiz'd her foot and prais'd it much,
 But slip'd his hand too high;

The

The girl to freedoms such as these,
Had been accustom'd long ;
So let him go where'er he pleas'd,
Nor thought him in the wrong.

Down by his side her seat she took,
In hopes her fruit to sell ;
And practis'd all her female arts,
She knew her business well ;
And while one hand at liberty,
Her hidden charms enjoyed,
In rummaging her basket through,
The other was employed.

He chose an orange from the rest,
My dear, what is the price ?
'Tis six-pence, sir, for one so firm ;
That hardly will suffice ;
I carry no commodities
But what are fit for use ;
Here have it Fox, and take my word,
You'll find it full of juice.

Epitaph in a Church-yard in Yorkshire.

LIFE is an inn (think man this truth upon)
Some only breakfast and are quickly gone ;
Others to dinner stay and are full fed ;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed ;
Large is his debt, who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

LIARS

LIARS COMPARED.

SUCH a liar is Jack and there's no one can lie
faster,
Excepting his maid, and she'll lie with her maller.

*An Address to Sally, the keeper of a Chop House
near the Royal Exchange.*

DEAR SALLY, emblem of thy chop-house
ware,

As both reviving, and as white bread fair ;
As small beer grateful—and as pepper strong,
As beef stake tender—as fresh pot herbs young;
Sharp as a carving knife or piercing fork,
Soft as new butter, white as fairest pork,
Sweet as young mutton—brisk as bottl'd beer ;
Smooth as fresh oil—juicy as cucumber,
And bright as fruit—without vinegar.
O Sally——could I turn and shift my love,
With the same that you your stakes do move ;
My heart thus cook'd might prove a chop-
house feast ;

And you alone should be the welcome guest.
But dearest Sall, the flames that you impart,
Like chop on girdiron broil my tender heart,
Which if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Must like an unturn'd stake—hiss, burn and
fry ;

And shall at last—thou scorcher of my soul,
Shrink——and become an undistinguished
coal.

SONGS

SONGS sung this Season at VAUXHALL.

ADVICE TO THE FAIR.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, Set by Mr. Hook.

IF you're not too proud for a word of advice,
In the choice of a husband, girls, be not too nice
What with manning our ships, and protecting
our shore,

You cannot have lovers at once—by the score :
If you wish to be marry'd your pride must come
down,

What a smile can procure, do not lose by a frown.

The time it has been, it will ne'er be again,
When a legion of lovers I had in my train ;
They were pleas'd with my sing-song ; I laugh'd
at them all,

For one was too short, and another too tall,
Or too plump or too slender; too young, or too old,
And this was too bashful, and that was too bold.

All you who're in bloom, and who *Hymen* im-
plore,

Since love may not wait till the wars are all o'er,
Resemble the willows ; be gentle, and bend,
Take pains for a lover, as you would for a friend ;
Look once at his person—but twice at his mind.
Take him soon at his word ; though you blush,
yet be kind.

Expect not a crowd of admirers to see,
Rich, handsome, and courtley, and all they
should be,

O

The

The times are so bad, and so chang'd is our lot;
That a man that's worth having is hard to be
got;

Choose quick, or you'll rue it the rest of your lives
You may flourish as toasts, but you'll never be
wives.

THE BONNY SAILOR.

Sung by Miss Thornton. Set by Mr. Hook.

MY bonny sailor's won my mind,
My heart is now with him at sea;
I hope the summer's western breeze
Will bring him safely back to me:
I wish to hear what glorious toils,
What dangers he has undergone;
What forts he storm'd, how great the spoils
From France and Spain my sailer's won.
A thousand terrors chill'd my breast,
When fancy brought the foe to view;
And day and night I've had no rest,
Lest ev'ry gale a tempest blew:
Bring, gentle gales, my sailer home,
His ship at anchor may I see;
Three years are sure enough to roam,
Too long for one who loves like me.
His face by sultry climes is wan,
His eyes by watching, fine less bright;
But still I'll own my charming man,
And run to meet him when in sight:
His honest heart is what I prize,
No weather can make that look old;
Though alter'd were his face and eyes,
I'll love my jolly sailer bold.

THE

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

*Sung by Mr. Vernon, at Vauxhall,. Set by Mr.
Hook.*

POUR, pour me out the parting glass,
Again, to thee, my pretty lass,
Ben thus must bid adieu;
And when I am far out at sea,
You'll think on him, who thinks on thee;
What says my bonny Sue?

Hark! hark! the boatswain calls away,
Nor not a moment can I stay,
But t'other kifs, and then;
Now welcome is the canon's roar,
And if I should not see thee more,
Think, think of honest Ben.

If in the Bay of Biscay, O!
Or in the Gulf of Mexico,
My fortune I can make,
No longer then from thee I'll roam,
At Gosport will I fix my home,
Thee to my hammock take.

Our jolly tars will try amain
To beat the fleets of France and Spain,
And England's fame increase;
If rich Galleons fall in our way,
The Dons shall strike, and fall our prey;
We'll make them cry for peace.

Sound wind and limb I take to sea,
True heart and love I'll bring to thee,
We ne'er shall part again;

No

No captain's wife shall finer go,
 From head to stern, from top to toe ;
 Then think of honest Ben.

THE HAT AND FEATHER.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten. Set by Mr. Heron.

TO hear the jar of noisy war,
 To me is pleasing matter ;
 Give me, ye pow'rs, in dang'rous hours,
 A spear and shield to clatter ;
 If this supply he shall deny,
 Yet grant me hat and feather,
 A smart cockade, and polish'd blade——
 But keep them from the weather.

I'll then proceed, for sure there's need,
 To get my corps together ;
 Who feel no dread, but for their head,
 Their hat, cockade and feather.
 Let now each maid, in taste array'd,
 Advance, in fairest weather——
 But halt! I fear the French are near——
 Alas! my hat and feather.

If * these I lose, I'll not refuse
 To leave the strife to others ;
 To those who dread no loss of head,
 Britannia's sons and brothers ;
 For they'll advance 'gainst Spain and France,
 And knock them down together ;——
 Then where they lie—there let them die——
 Despoil'd of hat and feather.

* Pointing to her Hat and Feather.

TOASTS

TOASTS and SENTIMENTS.

HEALTH to the sick, and freedom to
the slave,

Success to the lover, and honour to the brave.

May we always be attached to those who
persevere in generous endeavours to pro-
mote the welfare of their country.

Disappointment to those who barter the
cause of their country for ostentation, or
fordid gain.

The steady friends of Britain.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

Unanimity to the people of this country.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to
give him.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good
humour.

The girl we love, and the man we dare trust.

May we have in our arms whom we love in
our hearts.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our
wishes.

Love without fear, and life without care.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the friends of England ever have access
to the throne.

May

May the enemies of Great Britain always
want beef and claret.

FREE MASON'S TOASTS.

ALL Masons, both ancient and young,
Who govern their passions, and bridle the
tongue.

The heart that conceals, and the tongue that
never reveals, the secrets of masonry.

All masons who honour the order, by con-
forming to its rules.

May we all arrive at the summit of masonry
and may the just never fail of their reward.

To the memory of our two Christian patrons.

May the principles of masonry, with the
cardinal virtues, always distinguish us.

May we use and not abuse our talents.

Relief to all distressed masons.

Success to masonry throughout the world.

May all good men be masons, and may all
masons be happy.

May the pleasures of the evening bear the
reflection of the morning.

May the tongue never speak to deceive, nor
ear listen to betray.

May

May we never meet an old friend with a new face.

The female friends of masons.

As we meet happy, may we part happy and be happy at our next meeting.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. WHY is marriage like a curtain?
2. Which has most legs, a horse or no horse?
3. Tobit went out, and his dog went with him, he went not before, behind, nor on one side of him, then where did he go?
4. Why is thy wig like a butcher's shop?
5. Why is a silly fellow like a feather bed?
6. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
7. Why is the moon like a weather-cock?
8. Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?
9. Why is a pretty lady like an oat cake?
10. Why is parish bell like a good story?
11. Why is a little man like a good book?
12. Why is a crooked woman like a brown loaf?
13. Why is a sparrow like a man with one leg?
14. Why is a brewer's horse like a tapster?
15. Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
16. Why is an unbound book like a lady in bed?
17. Why is a lady in her shift like the Hague?
18. What old saying is that which women will not believe?
19. Why is a baker like a certain great lawyer?
20. Why is a looking glass very complaisant?
21. Why is a pen like a beau?
22. Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor?
23. Why

23. Why is a man, who reads here and there a bit of the history of the world, like one going into St. James's Palace?
24. Why is a pocket-book like a prentice to a musician?
25. Why is Mr. Garrick like an old maid?
26. Why is a picture like a Member of Parliament?

A N S W E R S.

1. BECAUSE it serves for a blind.
2. No horse, for a horse has but four legs. No horse has five.
3. On the other side.
4. Because there's a calf's head in it.
5. ——— he is soft.
6. ——— it has a cork in it.
7. ——— it often changes.
8. ——— she dresses well.
9. ——— she is often toasted.
10. ——— it is often told.
11. ——— he is looked over.
12. ——— she is made o'ry.
13. ——— it hops.
14. ——— he draws drink.
15. ——— it is out of the head.
16. ——— it is in sheets.
17. ——— she is in Holland.
18. Short and sweet.
19. Because he's master of the rolls.
20. ——— it always does as the company does.
21. ——— 'tis feather headed.
22. ——— it goes to pot.
23. ——— he often passes a century.
24. ——— its bound for notes.
25. ——— he has no fellow.
26. ——— it is a representative.

F I N I S.